

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

Editorial and Executive Office: 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois

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About Billy Graham's New York Crusade

DR. BOB JONES SAYS:

When the orthodox, Bible-believing preachers and churches were making a special effort to get Billy Graham to New York for an evangelistic campaign under a good, orthodox, Bible-believing sponsorship, pressure was brought to bring into the sponsorship of the campaign preachers and churches that the orthodox constituency considered liberal.

When the controversy about the sponsorship began, I noted a press release where Billy Graham said that all of the folks who were being brought in believed the doctrine of Christ, and the substance of the report carried the impression that these supposedly liberal

preachers and churches were Christian.

Now I note a release where Billy said, "I intend to go anywhere sponsored by anybody, to preach the Gospel of Christ, if there are no strings attached to my message... The centrality of my message will be Christ and Him crucified." This means that the Christian Scientists, whose founder said that Jesus Christ was the product of the thought of Mary; and Jehovah's Witnesses, who teach that Jesus Christ was created by God Almighty and was not Creator; and spiritists, who believe that Jesus Christ was a spirit medium and that Moses and Elias were His guides, can get Billy Graham for an evangelistic campaign if they can set up an organization big enough and satisfactory enough for Billy to reach the masses of people.

Billy Graham said, "We have been challenged on what happens to the converts when the crusade is over." He then says, "Apparently these brethren who make these statements have no faith in the Holy Spirit. The work of regeneration is the work of the Holy Spirit. The work of follow up is the work of the Holy Spirit. The same Holy Spirit that convicted them of sin and regenerated them is able to follow them." Now, we orthodox people believe that the Holy Spirit is really the Author of the Bible. Billy must know that the Holy Spirit makes it clear that the evangelist, the pastor, and the

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Dr. Bob Jones, Sr.

A FREE GRACE PROMISE

By Charles H. Spurgeon, London, 1834-1892

"And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered."—Joel 2:32.

Vengeance was in full career. The armies of divine justice had been called forth for war: "They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war." They had invaded and devastated the land, and turned the land from being like the garden of Eden into a desolate wilderness. All faces gathered blackness: the people were "much pained." The sun itself was dim, the moon was dark, and the stars withdrew themselves: the earth quaked, and the heavens trembled. At such a dreadful time, when we might least have expected it, between the peals of thunder and the flashes of lightning, was heard this gentle word, "It shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered."

Let us carefully read the passage: "And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered."

In the worst times that can ever happen, there is still salvation for men. When day turns to night, and life becomes death, and the staff of life is broken, and the hope of man has fled, there still remains in God, in the person of His dear Son, deliverance to all those who will call upon the name of the Lord. We do not know what is to happen: reading the roll of the future, we prophesy dark

things; but still this light shall always shine between the rifts of the cloud-wrack: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered."

This passage was selected by the apostle at Pentecost to be set in its place as a sort of morning star of gospel times. When the Spirit was poured out upon the servants and the handmaids, and sons and daughters began to prophesy, it was clear that the wondrous time had come which had been foretold so long before. Then Peter, as he preached his memorable sermon, told the people, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved"; thus giving a fuller and yet more evangelical meaning to the word "delivered." "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered" from sin, death and Hell—shall, in fact, be so delivered as to be, in divine language, "saved"—saved from guilt, the penalty, the power of sin, saved from the wrath to come. These gospel times are still the happy days in which "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

In the Year of Grace we have reached a day and an hour in which "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." To you at this moment is this salvation sent. The dispensation of immediate acceptance proclaimed at Pentecost has never ceased: its fullness of blessing has grown rather than diminished. The sacred promise stands in all its certainty, fullness, and freeness: it has lost none of all its breadth and length: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I have nothing to do tonight but to tell you over again the

old, old story of infinite mercy come to meet infinite sin—of free grace come to lead free will into a better line of things—of God Himself appearing to undo man's ruin wrought by man, and to lift him up by a great deliverance. May the Holy Spirit graciously aid me while I shall talk to you very simply, thus:—

I. There Is Something Always Wanted

That something is deliverance, or "salvation." It is *always* wanted. It is the requisite of man, wherever man is found. As long as there are men on the face of the earth, there will always be a need of salvation. If we could go through London, into its dens and slums, we should think very differently of human need from what we do when we simply come from our own quiet domestic circle, and step into our pew and hear a sermon.

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Charles H. Spurgeon

EVOLUTION-- Anti-Bible, Anti-Christian Fraud!

By L. Victor Cleveland
Editor-in-Chief, Anti-Evolution Compendium
Henniker, N. H.

For two thousand years the Christian church has stood upon the Word of God as upon a rock! "How firm a foundation—!" But today enemies are attacking the Word in a fight to the finish. The "fundamentalists" have caused science almost all of its headaches in the evolution area. Certain men in the church are now trying to move the church once and for all from its foundation of supernaturalism, miracles and salvation, Saviour and Heaven. Today's younger "scientists" attack their supposed eternal comrades, the very soldiers of the cross! A strange type of warfare!

John tells that the "Scripture cannot be broken," words actually from Jesus Christ, the greatest Life ever lived! "Say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God?" A GOD may know some truth!

Paul's words echo down the corridors of the centuries: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God!" Peter proclaims that prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost! Surely the Spirit of truth can utter no error! Jesus said that a man who heard and did His sayings was like a wise man who built his house upon a rock, and it would stand the storms!

How much man in every age needs THAT! For storms are frightening and wild! David asked, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

Friends in whom we trusted are destroying the foundations! It is time to awake from lethargy and sleep, and fight for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. And today's frauds are not one whit less fakes than the ones faced by the early church! If the church had believed Scripture, there would never have been the trouble with the Copernican theory, for Jesus plainly says that at His coming some folks will be sleeping in the night, and some working in the field in daylight, all in the same day—a situation possible

ONLY on a round world! Stand fast on the Book!

We must remember that enemies can come as angels of light, and wolves in sheep's clothing—like a "roaring lion" seeking to "devour." Or as a subtle voice, "Yea, hath God said...?" As the voice in the wilderness, "If thou be the Son of God...!" And the "new voices": "Ye shall not surely die!"

"Science" has for a hundred years been out to undercut and

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L. Victor Cleveland

"Refuge Failed Me; No Man Cared for My Soul"

—Ps. 142:4.

By the Editor

One of the most tragic facts in the world is that Christians do not care as they ought to for the salvation of sinners. Christians do not try as they ought to, to win back the backslider, to build up the weak Christian, to help the tempted.

When I taught in a Christian junior college, after I became conscious of careless neglect on my part, it was my privilege to win the president of the senior class to Christ. He made the highest grades in school, was from a Christian home, chose a Christian college, elected courses in Bible, yet was unsaved. After I won him to Christ, he wept and said, "Nobody cared whether I was saved or not!" What a sinful neglect on the lives of Christians that they do not care.

Mrs. Rice and I went to see an unsaved woman who attended Sunday School and preaching services every Sunday, whose next-door neighbor was a preacher, who constantly rubbed elbows with missionaries and Christian workers. We found that she read the Bible every day and prayed, but was not saved. "I have done every-

thing I know to do," she said. "I am not saved because I don't know how!" She trusted Christ the moment I showed her from the Bible how to be saved. What a sin for Christians to live with unsaved people all around them, troubled people, hungry-hearted people, and never feel any responsibility for getting them the Gospel!

I knew a saved man who had become backslidden and was overcome with the drink habit. When I urged that he come back to Christ and take his place in the church again, he wept and said that Christians didn't believe in him and didn't care, that no one ever tried to stand by him, no one ever warned him. He did not know that a single Christian prayed for him.

I believe that this irresponsibility

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THE EDITOR'S Notes

by John R. Rice

(Written Monday, April 15)

The Editor Falls on His Head; the Floor Will Never Be the Same!

Saturday night nine days ago as I finished two radio recordings on tape, started to leave the editorial office building through the dark back door, I awkwardly fell down the basement steps. Since I fell eleven steps and my head hit the concrete floor, it was quite a shock to the floor! I found my package, locked the door, and drove automatically by the post office and mailed the radio tapes (though I do not remember that), then drove home. When I went into the living room with head covered with blood, there was pandemonium, bedlam, and Fourth of July—then they called the doctor. He sewed up the hole in my head, I was helped to bed, and now only today—nine days later—have I had my first opportunity even to feed myself a meal. I have lain flat on my back, have not even gotten up to go to the bathroom.

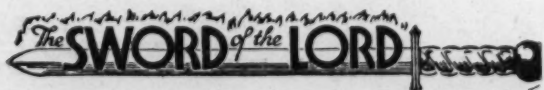
The doctor says the concussion is coming along nicely; I may sit up fifteen minutes this afternoon. We cancelled all engagements for two weeks.

My blood pressure has remained normal, I have had no lapses in memory, no unfortunate complications or symptoms. God willing, I will be back in the office in a few days carrying as much of my full load as I can, by God's great mercy.

I Did Not Know Until Now What It Was Like

Years ago in West Texas I saw a twelve-year-old boy who had fallen out of a high swing and hit on his head. I did not know why his eyes were purple and swollen as if he had been pounded by Joe Lewis or Rocky Marciano. And the boy couldn't tell me. In fact, he was rather embarrassed about the matter and a little pained. Now I know that when the contents of your head are smashed into jelly that your eyes swell out and become bloodshot and purple. I also have a good deal of sympathy with the boy's not wishing to discuss the matter and not liking too many jokes about his looks.

Yesterday my grandson, John Walter Handford, two years old, was in the room. He had wanted to come see Grandpa, and his dear mother waited on me most gently. I called him to come to the bed to see me. All the shades were down, so I turned on a bedside lamp. But when he saw me with the cold pack on my head and these ghastly eyes, he began to scream and kick, and when his mother carried him outside, he was still screaming and kicking.



AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING REVIVAL WEEKLY

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"Do Right" in Pamphlet Form

There has been such a wide demand for the article, "Do Right Though the Stars Fall," by Dr. Bob Jones, Sr., as published in the March 8, 1957 issue of THE SWORD OF THE LORD, that it is now made available in pamphlet form. Dr. Bob Jones says:

"For a single copy, we will send them out for 10 cents; as many as twenty copies, we will send them for 5 cents each; and as many as fifty copies, we will send them out for 4 cents each; and we will pay the postage."

Please notice that these pamphlets are to be ordered at the above mentioned rates direct from the author, Dr. Bob Jones, Sr., Bob Jones University, Greenville, South Carolina. They are now ready, so get your order in immediately.

This article ought to be in the hands of every pastor, evangelist, missionary, student, and Christian worker of any description. The pamphlet is convenient pocket size, easy to mail. Order direct from the author today!

That did not look like the Grandpa he came to see!

Hosts of Friends: Thank God for Them!

I have been pleased and comforted, beyond the power of words to describe, by messages of love and assurances of prayer. Tennessee Temple Schools, Chattanooga, spend part of a chapel hour in prayer for me. Bob Jones University had public prayer in the chapel, and Dr. Bob Jones, Sr., has called four times. Bless his great heart! He had to talk to my wife and secretary. There was prayer in Wheaton College chapel, in Northern Baptist Seminary chapel. Other churches in Wheaton besides our Calvary Baptist Church prayed for me. We have had phone calls and telegrams from ten or twelve states. Wonderful assurances of love and prayer and faith have come from Dr. Louis Talbot, Dr. Bob Shuler, Dr. V. Raymond Edman, Dr. Richard C. Clearwaters, Dr. M. R. DeHaan, Dr. Sam Morris, Pat and Bernie Zondervan, Dr. Lee Roberson, Dr. J. R. Faulkner, Dr. Jack Shuler, and beloved "Lefty" Johnson of Bob Jones University, and many others. Two beloved little North Carolina girls who come to Lake Louise, Toccoa, Georgia, to hear me preach and always hug my neck, have sent get-well cards.

I have not yet gotten to see most of my office workers since the doctor has forbidden visitors. But my room is a bower of beautiful flowers, and their messages of love and devotion have been most sweet. Everyday they have had a prayer meeting after working hours to pray for their editor and boss. God bless them everyone!

Dr. C. B. Wyngarden, noble Christian physician, a faithful,

7 in the Morning Mail

I am so thrilled as I finish going through the morning's mail for April 12 to find that seven people have written to us that they have trusted Christ after reading our literature. One such letter is from a man in Miami, Florida, who was given a "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" booklet. He read it, then says:

"I was a sinner, a bad, bad one. I found out I was on the wrong side, so I decided to tell Jesus I was a sinner. I gave myself up and told Him I was going to ask Him to wash my sins away and forgive me as I found out it was the right thing to do. My prayer has been answered. I can hold my chin up and believe; therefore, I am happy because I am on Christ's side and He is on my side. Where He leads, I'll follow until I'm called to that home in Heaven . . ."

He goes on to say he is 74 years old.

Another letter comes from one who has read the book, *Bible Facts About Heaven*: "Since reading your book on Heaven, I have confessed to Christ that I am a sinner and have trusted Him to save me. I believe He has saved me, and I expect to meet you in Heaven." This is signed by J. T. H. of Burlington, Iowa.

Then a husband and wife from Omaha, Nebraska, copy the decision form from the booklet, "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" which reads: "Realizing that I am a sinner and believing that Christ died for my sins, I here and now trust Him to be my personal Saviour, depending on Him to forgive all my sins, change my heart, and give me everlasting life as He promised to do. I am glad to confess Him as my Saviour and gladly mail this to let you know."

Another decision form from the same booklet was signed by James C. E. of Warren, Ohio, accompanied by a letter asking for additional literature.

Then a missionary of the Gospel Missionary Union, Penonome, Cocle, Rep. de Panama, enclosed with his letter a decision form from the Spanish booklet,

wise friend and beloved brother, has spent hours of time in loving care and friendship.

God will reward all who have helped and we can never feel quite so alone again.

What Does God Mean for Us to Learn?

Two or three earnest people have sent word, "Perhaps God knew you needed this time to rest." That caused a rather painful smile on my part, for He knows these painful nine days with a constant headache, sleeping only when I took drugs, and then tormented by foolish dreams. Although I work like a slave continually, hardly anybody is as careful of his body or as free from fret or finds his rest sweeter than I normally do. Life is more restful with my working eight hours in the office and preaching twice a day in revival than it has been with this swollen, sore head, these sick eyes, this almost constant pain.

Yes, I will watch my health, I will rest in the Lord, I will carefully trust and not be afraid. Thank God for the peace He gives. But this is not a new secret with me. I would have been dead many years ago had I not learned it before now. God has some other meaning surely.

1. A warning for me. I will not live forever. I am sixty-one years old. My health is fine. But in the nature of things, I would not be wise to count on more than fifteen or twenty years at the very best in which to do the work God has left in my hands. What I do to stir America to revival, to keep evangelism true to Christ and the Bible, to defeat modernism and to get the Gospel around the world, I must do now.

2. It is a solemn warning to our sword workers also. Any of my helpers who are going to learn this work, carry this load, must do it now.

Send Those Subscriptions

My painful injury ought to be

"What Must I Do to Be Saved?"

He tells how he questioned both a man and his wife after they had told the missionary they were in agreement with what the tract said. The friend says: "After a bit more discussion and reading of the Scriptures, he and his wife made a profession of faith . . . They seemed to mean business . . . Their home is about seven miles from our station and we have classes in their home on Saturdays. We would appreciate your prayers for them and ourselves . . ."

April 8 the decision slip was clipped from page 23 of "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" and sent in with the following letter:

"Dear Brother Rice:

"I am an alcoholic, sober, spending 8 weeks at Peace Haven, a refuge for alcoholics at Manning, S.C. Your booklet, 'What Must I Do to Be Saved?' has been inspiring to me, having made feeble attempts in the past to find myself. Heretofore I have always tried to do this alone, but the real answer has been revealed to me, especially being here in a religious home for alcoholics."

E. A. R.

Then he adds this P.S. "I have a wife and five children residing at _____ who have left me because of my alcohol problem, and more so because of my spiritual failure in the past. Would you please pray for their blessing, too. I hope to return to them if God is willing."

We ask SWORD readers to remember these new converts in prayer. Dr. Rice has written these people letters of counsel and encouragement, and has sent them some literature.

Reading these letters was like attending a revival, and when the invitation was given, to see seven people come forward.

Pray for this great soul-saving work, where hundreds find Christ each year through the printed page.

a warning to every Bible-loving reader of THE SWORD. It says to you earnestly, "Get those subscriptions in the mail today! Do not leave Dr. Rice to carry this heart-breaking load." To some strong men of God who read this, God is saying, "Go offer to help Dr. Rice. Tell him that if he can give you plenty of hard, important work, you will sacrifice and work as unselfishly and in faith as he does."

Long ago these burdens would have been lighter if some strong men of God whose hands I have held up, whose work I have promoted, whose cause I have supported, had simply encouraged some brilliant, devoted young men to cast their lot for a lifetime with the Sword of the Lord Foundation.

But God is saying something else too. I have lain here these nine days thinking of debts that I cannot pay. I have thought of the wastage of constant interest charges on loans, of Mr. Willms and his noble Herald Book and Printing Company at Newton, Kansas, which does the actual printing of THE SWORD OF THE LORD, and who have stood by us so nobly. We owe them heavy printing bills, months old, that ought to be paid now. I think God is saying to some man or woman today to send that thousand dollars or five thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars or even fifty thousand dollars to match Dr. Rice's unselfish investment of life and tears and time and toil, given without money and without price.

God is saying something to everybody. Be sure to hear what He says to you and let me get your answer by return mail.

A Later Report

Now it is Wednesday morning, April 17. Yesterday I was carefully dressed and taken to the doctor's office where X-rays were taken of my head. Steps were slow and painful, with two husky young men supporting me. Last night

Noteworthy NEWS Notes

Northwestern Schools' former president, Dr. Richard Elvee, suffered a severe back injury, but not paralysis, in a fall at his home Tuesday, January 22. The report, given some time ago, says, "X-rays showed one vertebrae cracked, a disc compressed, and that he narrowly escaped nerve damage that could have caused paralysis . . . The brace on his back may be able to be taken off sometime in March or April."

Dr. Elvee resigned in March as president of Northwestern.

April 1, the editor's very dear friend, beloved DR. P. W. PHILPOTT, honored servant of the Lord and faithful minister of the Gospel for many years, departed to be with Christ. He was in his 92nd year. Despite his advanced years, he continued to preach with vigour and power even as late as February of this year.

Dr. Philpott was formerly pastor of Philpott Tabernacle in Hamilton, Ont., Canada, of Moody Memorial Church, Chicago, and Church of the Open Door, Los Angeles. Funeral service was held April 4 at Philpott Tabernacle, Hamilton; burial in Hamilton Cemetery.

the doctor brought the X-ray pictures to show me an extended skull fracture which they picture. My progress is normal and no complications appear. The doctor now insists that the brain concussion was so serious that we must give ample time for normal restoration, the absorption of blood clots, etc. Thus he thinks in a few days my headaches will be over. He insisted on ten days more in bed and then two weeks more of convalescence before assuming my regular load. I shall attend to only absolute essentials, shall constantly rest.

More Billy Graham Crusade Articles Coming

I had already carefully outlined two more extended articles about the Billy Graham Crusade in New York and the issue which Dr. Graham has pressed upon Christians everywhere by yoking up with unbelievers. I believe Satan tried to kill me, as he has tried before, but thank God for the promise of Isaiah 54:17 which I found as a boy school teacher in rough West Texas ranch country, teaching in a community where there was not even a Sunday School nor occasional preaching: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." Satan cannot stop me until God allows it.

God willing, I must call the attention of God's people to the fact that there is a big resurgence of compromise and of catering to unbelievers on the part of a certain vocal group of "new evangelicals." This compromising tendency has been shown largely by articles in *Christian Life* magazine, in Dr. Billy Graham's *Christianity Today*, and in Dr. Barnhouse's *Eternity* magazine; and I feel that I should name names, quote quotations, and prove the point.

I feel Christians should know also that Dr. Billy Graham is a shrewd propagandist and spokesman for this group, and that he himself has radically changed in his viewpoint, or at least in his policies in the last few years.

When God gives physical strength, I will write this extended article.

Then there must be a new thorough Bible study on the whole matter of the yoke with unbelievers, so strongly forbidden in the Word of God.

Now Pray and Get in Those Subscriptions!

I will be waiting to hear. I thank you ahead of time for your prayers, your good wishes, but subscriptions will talk louder than kind words. May I have yours at once?

JUNGLE DOCTOR Attacks Witchcraft



Third series of true missionary stories by Dr. Paul White, Medical Missionary in Tanganyika, East Africa, for the Australia Church Missionary Society

CHAPTER II

We Smell Out a Spell

Contentedly I poured out my second cup of tea. It had been a successful afternoon and I could relax.

I stirred my cup in meditation and almost jumped when behind me came Daudi's voice.

"Bwana, can you do another cataract now?"

"Another, Daudi! We've done five, and there aren't any more to operate on in the hospital."

"That was a quarter of an hour ago, Bwana, but things are different now."

"Different? How?"

"Come and see, Bwana."

On the veranda sat a weary-looking woman who stood up as I approached, and a small boy of eight, who didn't.

"Tell him," said she, pointing to me with her chin, "that I have come for him to help my child."

With a twinkle in his eye, Daudi obligingly translated into English, with a few asides that kept me smiling. The woman's voice, colorless and tired, told in Chigogo (which I fully understood) a typical story of life without medical aid. This is what Daudi did with it.

"The little boy, Mwajuma (doesn't he need a bath, Bwana!) was alive and well till he saw six harvests, and then he found darkness creeping upon him."

Daudi listened for a while, and then held up his hand and said: "For one year, now, Bwana, he has had blindness and his mother's heart has sadness. She saw old Eleazer, the teacher, (We did him six months ago. Remember, Bwana, it was the day we found the cobra in the medicine cupboard.)"

I did remember, and said so!

Daudi continued. "Well, Eleazer said if you could remove his cataract, he thought you could remove the child's."

"Listen, Daudi," I broke in, "let me talk to her in Chigogo. She thinks I don't understand, and perhaps she will trust us more if I talk to her in her own language." Very gently I greeted her, and asked after her home and family. Then I said, "Behold, my tongue is still a little heavy in speaking Chigogo, but I do want to help you, so tell me."

She beamed and plunged into her tale. It was a story of difficulties overcome. They had walked forty miles. Much of the distance the eight-year-old, who was no light weight, had been carried

on his mother's back. And she had carried their food in a basket on her head. Only when the path was smooth and wide could he walk beside her; when the track led through the thornbush or over the sandy river beds she would carry him pick-a-back. As the first evening came down she had stopped at a village where the Church Missionary Society teacher had given them food and shelter. On they came, setting out before dawn, walking and walking. When it became very hot they rested in the house of another C. M. S. teacher, and then on again over the glaringly hot plains of Central Tanganyika, and now—the late afternoon—they had arrived.

"Bwana," said the mother, pathetically, "I ran away. The child's father refused to let me bring him. The grandmother says it is my fault he is blind. All of our family are against me. Tomorrow they will arrive and carry us back again. My husband will beat me, and little Mwajuma will still be blind."

Sechelela and Daudi were listening closely. I saw Daudi's glance, and said, "We'll help you, and keep you safe. Sechelela will bring you food."

"Mother," said the small boy, "I'm hungry." He started to cry.

Daudi was talking quietly in my ear. "I know this lot, Bwana. The husband's a hard man, and a sub-chief. Truly he will arrive tomorrow, and then there will be trouble. He will carry off this poor woman, and her child, and all her planning and hope will be wasted."

"No fear, Daudi, we'll talk to him, and show him the true facts."

"Bwana, you don't understand. He'll take them away whatever you do. He'll cut a hole in the fence and smuggle them out by night, and won't they suffer!"

"What can we do, Daudi?"

"Operate, Bwana, today. And tomorrow, show them the eye lenses, that will be the only way. When the father comes first, we will show him what has been removed, and then the result. That will touch him."

"But, Daudi, the child is tired out, his eyes aren't prepared, and we can't do two eyes in the one day. It's all absurd."

"Listen, Bwana, this is an emergency. You can't have it as you want it. If you don't operate the child will always be blind, and probably will die. If you do, even though there are troubles, you will help, and help greatly."

"But I can't, Daudi. I can't blind the little fellow, just because the father is pigheaded. The operation is too risky."

Daudi was very patient. "Bwana, you are not an African; I am. Believe me, it is better to do the work as I say."

I shrugged my shoulders. "All right then. We'll have to give him a general anæsthetic, and it's going to be bitterly difficult."

Daudi ran off to make preparations while I spent a few minutes on my knees asking for the help of Almighty God, with whom all things are possible.

Mwajuma had been bathed and was dressed in a clean nightgown, and was almost asleep in his cot. It was his first experience of sheets and blankets. At home a

Former Catholic Blessed By Sword

"I look forward every week for my copy of THE SWORD OF THE LORD. The lady who was instrumental in my being saved subscribed to THE SWORD OF THE LORD for me. It truly is a wonderful newspaper. And as I am such a new Christian—having accepted Jesus on November 1, 1956—I find it a great inspiration and help to me in my new life."

"Before I became a true Christian I was a Catholic..."

Miss Lucille Brooks
Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

Somebody sent her THE SWORD OF THE LORD after she was saved. Somebody cared for somebody else. Do you? If so, we suggest that during this special subscription campaign, you show your love by sending the paper to others. See subscription article for special rate.

cowskin in a corner of the hut was all that he could call bed.

The mother, also bathed and dressed in hospital clothes, was talking to him. I listened. She spoke tenderly and wistfully.

"Don't fear, my sweet one. The Bwana will help. The harsh ones shall not hit you."

"But, I have a great famine."

"Food will come after sleep, beloved."

The little fellow put out his hands to me. "Bwana, I'm so hungry."

I felt someone nudge me, and a sticky lump of sugar was slipped into my hand.

"Mwajuma," I smiled, "open your mouth—wide."

Trusting he did so, I popped in a bit of the sweet. He closed his jaws on it, and smiled up at me. The sightless eyes showed with almost startling clearness the whiteness of the cataracts within them. They looked like stark white bull's-eyes in a target of deep brown.

In my hand was a cone of gauze and a small brown bottle. I let a few drops fall on to the material. "Yah," said the small boy. "It smells."

He stretched, and in a most satisfactorily short time he was asleep. His mother insisted on carrying him to the theater. There she stood while I operated; Sechelela at her side whispering encouragements. The operation was as successful as I could have hoped. As Daudi tucked the little lad on to the stretcher we stood and prayed that the little fellow might recover fully; that he might not be sick because of the anæsthetic, and that the father and relatives might not give trouble.

Carefully I put the lenses into an envelope.

Next evening we stood for a moment on the veranda while doing hospital rounds. Suddenly Daudi stiffened. He pointed with his chin towards some dozen men climbing the hill to the main gate.

"Bwana," he whispered, "we're only just in time, here comes the father."

Carefully we arranged things so that I should be in the Children's Ward just when they came in. The father's voice was raised and angry, and the long string of retainers looked decidedly hostile.

"Make them laugh, Bwana. Then they'll be easy," whispered Daudi.

"Bwana," stormed the sub-chief, "where's my wife?"

"Kah," I replied, "do you not greet people in your part of the country?"

He stammered and looked confused, and said: "Mbukuwenyi (Good day)."

"Mbukuwa," I replied.

"Bwana, where..."

"Zo wugono?" (How did you sleep?) I answered smiling.

"Ale zo wugono gwe gwe?" (How did you sleep?) he replied.

"But, Bwana, where..."

"Mukuliaci?" I asked, following the routine tribal greeting. "What do you eat?"

"Wugali du" (Only porridge), he



replied, "Bwana, where is...?" "Za henyu?" (What news of your place?) I asked, smiling broadly.

His face relaxed, and smiles went round the whole assembly.

"Behold," said one, "he knows our language and our customs!"

"Your wife and child are here, chief, and look"—from my pocket I pulled a bit of cotton wool. Taking this in my hand, I did an airy pass with it, and using a schoolboy conjuring trick, made it disappear into thin air. They gasped, and I laughed, pulling from my pocket the envelope with the child's eye lenses in it.

"Bwana," said the chief, "do that again with the cotton!"

I complied, and while they were still laughing I put the split-pea-like lenses into his hand.

He stood dumbfounded. "You cut them out!"

"Yes. Come and see him."

I led them into the ward. The woman backed away, with her head half covered. All stood silent and intense.

"There he is. If he is not disturbed as he lies quiet I shall remove the bandages and he will see."

There was a dramatic pause while this was done. I removed the cotton-wool pads. The little fellow, supported by his mother's arm, peered about and then slowly smiled. "Yoh," said he, "I can see."

Everyone talked excitedly, African fashion, for a while, and then the father came over to me.

"Bwana," said he, "Assante (thank you), but please make your medicine work quickly. Who will cook my food when my wife is away?"

I smiled. "Come again tomorrow and we will talk of times," I promised.

He picked up his knobbed stick and spear and walked off into the dusk.

I dined off an athletic chicken which my cook had purchased for twopence (it was no bargain!), wrote a batch of letters, and before turning in, I went to the window. A full moon lighted up the plain in a ghostly way. I

looked at the silhouette of paw-paw trees and the great baobabs. Through the mosquito-proof wire I stood watching a clearing near my house. I had put some chicken bones in the middle of it and I wanted to see if a rather persistent hyena would venture into the open to take them. The African night was full of sound—the crickets, the throb of drums, the distant braying of donkeys. A long path branched off near my house. As I watched I saw two figures walking along a narrow track through the millet field. They were outlined against the night sky. Vaguely I wondered who would be journeying at that hour of the



night over a bit of the country notorious for lions.

My mind wandered over my latest cases. The little chap with the cataracts, he'd do well. It was a most satisfying sort of a job. And then little Mbuni, not so dramatic perhaps, but a slower type of eye trouble. He'd be cured, though; it was only a matter of keeping the treatment going. He was a most attractive small boy. In the morning I went into the ward, but his cot was empty. Search as we would, neither the little boy nor his mother was anywhere to be seen.

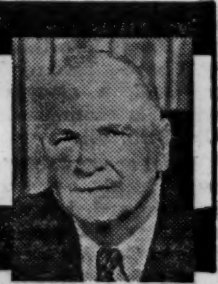
"Kah," said Sechelela, "I thought it, the mother was frightened by the words of her relative, the mat-seller, and ran away during the night."

And then I thought of those two figures I had seen in the moonlight. I felt a surge of anger creep over me.

"Why, Bwana," said Sechelela, "your face has gone red."

(Continued on page 6)

Dr. Bob Jones SAYS:



Dr. Roy Brown, who is one of the best Bible teachers I have ever known, said recently at the annual Bible Conference at Bob Jones University: "Bob Jones University is doing a work that no other Christian institution in America is doing. As a Bible teacher, I go to many places where the only real voice of testimony is a preacher boy who has been trained in Bob Jones University." We have never had as many wonderful letters from our former students as we have in recent months. They say to us, "What we learned in Bob Jones University works," or "We learned not to compromise," or "We are going to be true, let it cost what it may." Some of them say to us, "Keep Bob Jones University right. I have a baby (or two children or three children), and I want my children educated in Bob Jones University; so we

are praying that the school will be kept right until our children are ready for college."

We are telling you friends of Bob Jones University that we are not going to surrender. We are going to be true. God helping us, Bob Jones University is going to be kept right. Now, you can help us in three ways. First, you can pray earnestly and daily for the University. Second, you can invest some of God's money in the work of the institution. Third, you can help us line up the right kind of students who can be trained for the right kind of Christian leadership in different walks of life; so please let us hear from you. Thank you and God bless you.

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BOB JONES UNIVERSITY
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(Advertisement)



He Was Not Willing

"He was not willing that any should perish";
 Jesus enthroned in the glory above,
 Saw our poor fallen world, pined our sorrows,
 Poured out His life for us—wonderful love!
 Perishing, perishing! Thronging our pathway,
 Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear,
 Jesus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
 No one to lift them from sin and despair.

"He was not willing that any should perish";
 Clothed in our flesh with its sorrow and pain,
 Came He to seek the lost, comfort the mourner,
 Heal the heart broken by sorrow and shame.
 Perishing, perishing! Harvest is passing,
 Reapers are few and the night draweth near,
 Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping,
 Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.

Plenty for pleasure, but little for Jesus;
 Time for the world, with its troubles and toys,
 No time for Jesus' work, feeding the hungry,
 Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys.
 Perishing, perishing! Hark, how they call us:
 "Bring us your Saviour, oh, tell us of Him!"
 We are so weary, so heavily laden,
 And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim."

"He was not willing that any should perish";
 Am I His follower, and can I live
 Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
 Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
 Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing;
 Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
 Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
 Live with eternity's values in view.

—Lucy R. Meyer.

"Refuge Failed Me . . ."

(Continued from page 1)

ity of Christians, who feel no burden to help weak Christians and no burden for getting the Gospel to lost people, hinders the cause of Christ more than any other single thing. This apathy, this indifference, this neglect of opportunities to help others be saved or help others grow into Christian victory and usefulness is a sin that every reader ought to face honestly and confess and renounce. This would be one of the best resolves any Christian could make: "I am my brother's keeper. I will not deny it like Cain the murderer. I am responsible for what happens to my kinspeople, my neighbors, my acquaintances. I will do my part to win them to Jesus and to help them grow as Christians."

This Burden for Others Is Our Reason for THE SWORD

As editor, let me open my heart to my readers. I know I am my brother's keeper. Like Paul, I am a debtor both to the Greeks and the Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise. I must say like Paul, "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also" (Rom. 1:15), and to the whole world. Like Paul, I must say, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel! For if I do this thing willingly, I have a reward; but if against my will, a dispensation of the gospel is committed unto me" (I Cor. 9:15, 16).

I feel accountable to God for my own family, my children, my brothers and sisters, my grandchildren, my in-laws. I feel accountable to God for my neighbors. But I also feel accountable to reach every person possible with the Gospel. This is why I edit THE SWORD OF THE LORD without a cent of salary and at a cost of much labor and unceasing burden. And I believe every reader ought to feel just the same as I do—a bur-

den to get out the Gospel to sinners, to give help to weak Christians, to stimulate preachers, and to get the Gospel to every creature. With THE SWORD OF THE LORD, with books, with radio, with the revival campaigns, with great conferences, by heavy mail and by personal contacts, we labor to sow beside all waters, to be all things to all men that by all means we might win some. And I believe that every reader ought to feel the same kind of burden and ought to earnestly help. Surely every reader who possibly can should send in from two to ten subscriptions right away at the low price of \$1.50 a year for two or more subscriptions and so give additional help to this campaign to spread THE SWORD OF THE LORD. Will you do it?

Send 2 or More Subscriptions at Rock-Bottom Rate of \$1.50 per Year in USA

Right now you may send subscriptions at the remarkably low rate of 2 or more subscriptions for only \$1.50 per year in the USA (\$2 per year in Canada and foreign countries). Your own subscription may be expiring or about to expire—you may renew it under this low rate. If, for example, your label reads 4-57, then your subscription expires in April, and you will soon be dropped from the list. So by all means renew your subscription at once, mark it "renewal" and you will not miss the good things coming. That will save us extra cost and trouble, too.

But you have a duty to others. Have you quit trying to get sinners saved? Have you quit trying to bless Christians? Anybody who sows will lose some seed, and every fisherman sometimes loses his bait. And so a few people might not appreciate THE SWORD OF THE LORD, but thousands of hungry-hearted people would read it with delight, many would be saved by its gospel messages if loved ones would send it to them. This we know from literally thousands of letters which come to us praising God that someone sent them THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

Here is a sample case. This letter is dated March 11, 1957, written from Pine Apple, Alabama, and reads in part:

"...Each year I try to send THE SWORD OF THE LORD to some shut-in, some person who lives in an isolated place and can't attend church, also to Christian people who are not subscribers. The reaction to this has been very grati-

fying. I always ask God to lead me to whom I send the paper. On one occasion, when I was praying for guidance, a woman's name came to my mind. She was not a Christian and had tried to commit suicide. I hesitated for several days before adding her name to the list, feeling that she would not read the paper. But the Holy Spirit just kept saying, 'Put her name down.' She lived some distance from me. I asked about her several years later, and the one to whom I asked said, 'You know, somebody sent her a little religious paper, and she read it and was converted.' You know, my heart rejoiced to hear that.

"I find untold good has been accomplished by passing the SWORD to others after I have read it."

Thank you, Mrs. Dena Thompson, for helping others.

And read the following blessed letter from a former Catholic. Does it pay to send Gospel literature to others? The letter is from Mrs. Elsie Marie Jackson of Rush Center, Kansas, dated March 12, 1957.

"I certainly want to express my sincere thanks for the great help you have given our family. About two years ago I had a friend in Oregon and her sister-in-law gave me some literature that Rev. Rice had written. But at the time we were so wrapped up in ourselves and sin that I never read it. I put it away and kept it. Then we moved back to Kansas and were having quite a bit of family trouble. Then I came across these pamphlets that had been given me and read them. I gave my life to Christ and so did my husband. We signed the article and sent it to Rev. Rice and he wrote a wonderful letter and gave us courage not to fall back on our promise to Christ. Since then we have, and are, getting THE SWORD OF THE LORD, which has been a blessing. This has been a year ago in February. In May of 1956, on the 20th day, my husband was baptized and joined the church. He has missed two Sundays and I three or four more when the baby arrived. I just couldn't stay home any longer (I was formerly a Catholic). We are also giving ten per cent of our total earnings to the Lord—we who thought that money was the only object in this life. I can never give enough praise to THE SWORD OF THE LORD. It is truly a God-inspired paper. We still would be in deep sin had it not been for the literature and the paper."

The letter goes on to say how disinterested they have become in things for this life.

Yes, Sword literature changes lives.

Then a sophomore in College of Engineering at the University of Nebraska wrote March 16 to say how thankful he is for his gift subscription: "Since receiving THE SWORD since last November, I have been made aware of leading souls to the Lord as my responsibility. This was never taught in my home or at our local Methodist church. I thank THE SWORD for such instruction."

A great stack of similar letters is on my desk. Yes, these testimonies were made possible because somebody cared enough about others to get THE SWORD OF THE LORD to them.

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Not only may you have the paper at \$1 off the regular price in lots of 2 or more, but you may also choose one of the following books with ten or more subscriptions:

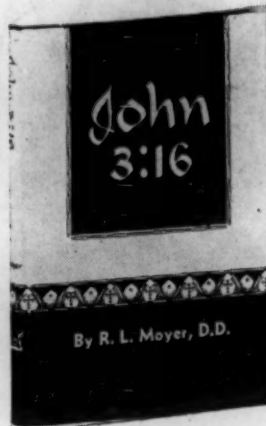
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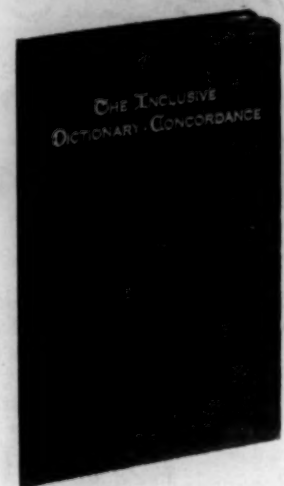
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Offer good for both new and renewal.

If you are not able to subscribe for ten people, then surely you can send \$3 for two subscriptions in the United States (regularly \$5 for two). Many of you earn \$3 in two hours' time. Many of you spend \$3 a day for the family meals. Many of you think nothing of buying a present costing \$3. And \$3 would hardly fill the gas tank of your car one time! May I ask that you do that much for yourself and a neighbor, a friend, or relative?

Use the coupon below, and mail subscriptions at once during our "Others" Subscription Campaign.

"Others" Subscription Campaign

Evangelist John R. Rice, Editor
 Sword of the Lord, Wheaton, Illinois

Dear Brother Rice:

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- ☐ The 270-page Bible dictionary-concordance.
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WITH THE Evangelists

REPORTS FROM AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING SOUL WINNERS

By the Editor

(NOTE: We are happy to publish honest reports of blessed revivals from trustworthy evangelists and churches. However, if you send us your report for publication, PLEASE give exact statistics, as far as possible, concerning conversions, rededications, additions, etc., or we may not print it. We especially appreciate reports from pastors and chairmen of union campaigns.)

Rev. H. A. Keithley, pastor of Berean Baptist Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan, writes of blessings received in a revival meeting led by **EVANGELIST ROBERT L. SUMNER**, P.O. Box 3, Pana, Illinois. "God has abundantly answered prayer. Revival came to our church in the hearts of many of our members . . . There were, through visitation and in response to invitation given in church, a total of 115 decisions made for salvation, assurance of salvation or baptism and church membership. Of this number 87 have already requested baptism and church membership." Many decisions for rededication were recorded.

EVANGELIST FRED R. RITCHARDSON, JR., P.O. Box 11, Nappanee, Indiana, was recently with the Darlington Congregational Christian Church, Darlington, Indiana. Of the 30 decisions reported, 9 were for salvation, 6 for assurance, 1 for full-time Christian service, 1 to establish a family altar, and 13 for first-time dedication of life. Rev. John Simpson, pastor, says, "The church joins me in recommending HIGHLY the ministry of the Ritchardsons to any church interested in revival rather than entertainment." Mrs. Ritchardson assists her husband in his evangelistic work.

Twenty-six people were converted and joined the Belmont Heights Baptist Church, Tampa, Florida, in one week of meetings with **EVANGELIST DOUGLAS WINN**, 1224 West Market Street, Greensboro, North Carolina. Rev. Frank Bishop is pastor. Prior to that campaign Brother Winn was at Tabernacle Baptist Church of Lubbock, Texas, where Dr. Ben Johnson was celebrating his 24th anniversary with the church.

EVANGELIST DEL FEHSENFELD, 4521 Jarboe, Kansas City, Missouri, writes to tell about several of his recent meetings. During the first three months of this year he has had two revivals each in Indiana, Missouri, Texas, and California. He was in Oswego and North Manchester, Indiana; St. Louis, Missouri; Waco and Austin, Texas; Guadalupe and Cayucos, California.

Brother Fehsenfeld writes, "Among others saved, at North Manchester a man over 70 found Christ. At Walnut Creek Baptist Church in Austin a professional football player found the Lord. At Guadalupe a liquor store manager found Christ and immediately sought another job. In Cayucos, several parents found Christ to make possible restored homes for heartbroken children . . . Nearly 200 were saved in the meetings. A few more than 200 pledged to begin tithing. Approximately 200 pledged to start family altars . . ."

EVANGELIST FREDDIE GAGE, 7709 Bearden Lane, Dallas, Texas, and his singing companion, Jimmy Snellen, saw 87 people make professions of faith in evangelistic services at the First Baptist Church, Henryetta, Oklahoma. Ten joined the church by letter, 86 came forward for rededication of life, and 30 family altars were established. Rev. Elmer R. Page, pastor, reports that among the converts there were an 83-year-old man and a 70-year-old woman.

Rev. Bill G. Duncan, pastor of the Pueblo Baptist Church, Tucson, Arizona, tells of a fine revival campaign with **Sword of the Lord** **EVANGELIST J. OSCAR WELLS**, Box 417, Bethany, Oklahoma. There were 45 additions to the church, 25 rededications, and 12 commitments to full-time Christian work. Brother Duncan writes that he is "so thankful for an

evangelist who will get Christians to visit, invite folk, and tell them of Christ . . . We can certainly recommend Brother Wells to any church which would like to have a real revival."

Sword of the Lord **EVANGELIST PAUL FERGUSON**, 1912 Vance Avenue, Chattanooga, Tennessee, conducted a revival meeting March 11-24 in the Whitney Baptist Church of Leesburg, Florida. Twenty professions of faith and 21 rededications of life were included in the results. "Brother Ferguson's ministry will bless and strengthen the local church and the work of the pastor. I have never known a harder working evangelist. He spent many hours in prayer and visitation and being a help in any way possible," says Rev. Norman E. Pyle, pastor.

EVANGELIST HERB TYLER, 12348 S.E. Salmon, Portland 16, Oregon, held a meeting recently in Grace Bible Church, Columbia, Missouri. Rev. Robert J. Grube reports that "souls were saved and believers were drawn closer to the Lord . . . This was the second time we have had Mr. Tyler for a meeting and we are looking forward to having him again. His messages are true to the Word and Spirit-filled."

Rev. Jimmie H. Hefflin, pastor of First Baptist Church of Leonard, Texas, writes to recommend **EVANGELIST FREDDIE GAGE**, 7709 Bearden Lane, Dallas, Texas, and his singer, Jimmy Snellen. Brother Hefflin says, " . . . We have had additions at every service since the revival, with the exception of one service. People are more concerned than ever for lost souls. . . The prayer meeting crowd has doubled . . . I want Freddie and Jimmy for another meeting soon. Both of these men have ability and with that ability there is concern for souls . . ."

Pastor Calvin E. Eastwood sends us the following good report.

"It is with deepest humility that I rejoice in writing this letter to your paper, *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*, wanting to share with you the good news concerning our recent revival meeting series. We were privileged to have with us Brother **TOM BERRY**, his lovely wife Jeannette, and their little son Danny, for a period of almost three weeks, at our little community church in Cartersburg, Indiana, and saw the Spirit of the Lord work in mighty ways for the kingdom's good. I want to tell you joyfully that we added to our church rolls about 20 new Christians, 14 of which I was pleased to baptize last Sunday night, and for these new souls for Christ I know you rejoice with us."

Brother Eastwood also says a fine word in commendation of soul-winning evangelists, which we deeply appreciate.

REV. EARLE M. SLICHTER, 506 Lawrence Avenue, Lincoln Park, Reading, Pennsylvania, after long and markedly successful work in the pastorate of Evangelical United Brethren churches, now feels led to give himself completely to the evangelistic and Bible conference field. He has enthusiastic commendation from the officials of his denomination which he has served since 1916. Brother Slichter writes, "May I further state, that I thank God for the day I subscribed for *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*, for it has changed my entire ministry and has challenged me to enter into that larger field of evangelism."

"For the past two years I have felt the urge, with a deep conviction, to leave the active pastorate, in which under God, 3,700 souls were brought into a vital relationship with Jesus Christ."

Four Loved Ones Saved

"It is with praise on my lips, and a deep love in my heart for the struggling unsaved that I send these subscriptions. We look forward every week for your wonderful paper. It has done much for us and our loved ones. We thank God that through your paper at least four of our loved ones have been saved within the past eighteen months."

The Potters
Beloit, Wisconsin

They are sending subscriptions to others. We ask you to do the same during this special subscription campaign. See article in this issue.

What Can I Do?

On one occasion when Philip Doddridge, an evangelistic minister of bygone days, had delivered a rather hot sermon on the subject of soul winning to his congregation, one of the members approached him afterwards and said, "Don't you think you have been rather hard this morning?" He inquired why, and she replied, "Well, I am a poor widow with a family of children to bring up, and I have to work from morning until night at needlework to do this. What time have I to go out soul winning?"

He looked at her very kindly and said, "Who brings your milk?"

She replied, "The milkman."

"Who brings your bread?"

She replied, "The baker."

He smiled at her and said, "May God bless you." The interview was closed.

She went home and could not forget those words, and all night she was unable to sleep, but thought of her duty to the lost souls around. In the morning she got up very early, as she could not sleep. The milk bottle was not on the step as usual, so the milkman had to knock. She opened the door and gave it to him, and he had reached the gate before she had plucked up sufficient courage to speak to him. With a beating heart and a trembling voice she said, "Come here—I want to ask you something. Do you ever consider where you will go when you die?" It was rather a startling way to begin! He looked at her with an anxious face and replied:

"That is a question that has been troubling me for the last fortnight."

"Come inside," she said, "and we will have a talk about it," and there and then in her front room she led the milkman to the Saviour.

In the short space of a year that woman had led twenty-six souls to the Saviour! — J. Nelson Parr, from *Gathered Gems*

READ THE ADS IN THIS ISSUE!



Preachers, Hurry! "Sword Sunday" May 19

By the Editor

"**SWORD Sunday**" is, for hundreds of churches, May 19. That means that pastors or other responsible leaders will, in one of the principal services of the church that Sunday, make a three- to five-minute talk about *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*, will pass out sample copies to everybody who wishes one, will offer subscription envelopes, will appoint a reputable person to take the subscriptions then and there before people go home, and to send them in for *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*.

Preachers and church leaders, we beg you to hurry and make plans now for "**SWORD Sunday**" in your church. If May 19 is not the best time, then select a Sunday as near that time as possible.

We will send you a free mimeographed sheet of facts about *THE SWORD OF THE LORD* to help your five-minute talk. We will send as many sample copies of *THE SWORD OF THE LORD* as you will honestly promise to get out. We will send subscription envelopes for the convenience of the people, so they may put their name and address on the envelope, and the money inside, and turn it over to the right person to send in.

Or, best of all, for the "**SWORD Sunday**" you may offer *THE SWORD OF THE LORD* at the rock-bottom price of \$1.50 per year in the United States (\$2 per year in Canada and foreign countries).

Pastor, Here's How You Benefit

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"SWORD SUNDAY" COUPON

Dr. John R. Rice, Editor, *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*
214 West Wesley, Wheaton, Illinois

Dear Brother Rice:

Yes, I want to have "**SWORD Sunday**" in my church. God willing, I will have a three- to five-minute talk on *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*, will give out sample copies to everyone present who will take them, will offer subscription envelopes to those who want them, and will appoint a reputable person to take the subscriptions there and then and after the services, and send them in to *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*.

Please send me the following helps for "**SWORD Sunday**":

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- ☐ *The Soul-Winner's Fire*, by John R. Rice
☐ *How to Pray*, by R. A. Torrey

I understand that I get this book free because of my loyal co-operation and the promotion and publicity I will give *THE SWORD* in my church.

2. Please send me a mimeographed sheet that I may use in talking about *THE SWORD OF THE LORD*.

3. Please send me _____ sample copies which I promise to give out honestly and carefully in an effort to get subscriptions.

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Signed _____

Position in the church? _____

Address _____

Echoes From "Letter Month"

By Viola Walden
Secretary to the Editor

Another "Letter Month" is behind us. The final results are before us, and we are pleased! We received 15,960 letters; gave away 2,910 copies of Bill Rices' *Sermons From the Saddle*; 1,934 plastic Bible cases (with orders, subscriptions or gifts of \$5 or more); sold 214,215 copies of "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" at \$1 per hundred. And the total retail sales for the "Letter Month" period were \$5,162.18. Thank each and every one of you for any part you had in making it a success. May God bless you richly.

Your letters were most encouraging. Many of you sent gifts for our Free Literature Fund, our Ministers and Missionary Subscription Gift Fund, or the Building Fund. Some of you designated amounts for Dr. Rice's personal use, which were gratefully received. Some of you told us the good news of souls saved, of Christians blessed, of backsliders restored, through the ministry of the paper and Sword books. Many told of praying for his work every day. Busy pastors took time to write blessed letters. Only a few complained about this, that, or the other. Many of the letters will be kept and read in our office devotions; some will be printed in THE SWORD OF THE LORD. And because of the great amount of correspondence requiring an answer, we ask for your patience and understanding. We will answer your inquiries as soon as possible. Several poems were received. Dr. Rice had fun over this one:

Johnnie, O Johnnie,
We will never let you down,
So here is that letter
To the finest man in town!

Another one, captioned "Silent Prayer Partner," reads:

Although you do not know 'tis I
Who prays for you EACH day;
I only hope my prayer will lift
Some burden on your way:
That as I intercede for you
You'll harder lean on Him,
That as I kneel, your heart will feel
A sudden warmth within.
Thus all unknown I'll have a part
In what Christ does through you;
Unknown, unheard, unasked, unsung,
I'll pray, and work, with you.
—Roy Harrison

Isn't that touching?

What would we do without your letters of encouragement! We quote below just a sample of the thousands received.

Mr. John R. Peacock of Jones and Peacock, Inc. (Insurance) of High Point, North Carolina, says: "A church member (Methodist) for over fifty years, I had gotten into a state of spiritual confusion, though I was loyal to my church and an official board member. Reading THE SWORD OF THE LORD set me straight."

Mr. Eslinger of Athelstone, Wisconsin, writes that he is in home mission work in northern Wisconsin, and says, "I always put each new adult convert on your subscription list. It has greatly aided in their spiritual growth."

A man in prison pled: "I am writing in regards to being a Christian. I have been Hell-bound for about 22 years and I would like to turn to the Lord and serve Him . . . If you can and will, forward any advice as to what to do, as I would like to live a Christian life. I would like to have a life of happiness for my wife and son. I don't think I have made them happy at all. I am a sinner and I would like to repent before it is too late. And sir, I know just as sure as I'm writing this letter that if I don't repent, I'll spend eternity in Hell. So what would you advise me to do?"

The editor wrote him, of course. We ask your prayers for this man in jail at Brainerd, Minnesota.

Mr. Kenneth Nyberg of the Nyberg Pharmacy in Buffalo, Missouri, reads and likes THE SWORD. Then, too, he passes out our salvation booklet, "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" He tells this experience: "Yesterday in my place of business I gave one of the booklets to an old man 82 years old and told him to please read it. He promised he would. Last night my pastor, Rev. Gene Eidson, and I went out to visit him. As soon as we got into his home, he told us

he had read the little booklet—twice, he added quickly. And before we left last night, we had won both him and his 77-year-old wife to the Lord."

A lot of people's consciences bothered them, and a good many confessed neglect in writing to encourage us in our labor of love. Some got up in the middle of the night to send letters off to us.

Letters came from around the world. One good brother in Beatriz De Suabia (wherever that is!) who gets THE SWORD as a free gift, thanks us for it and says that Dr. Rice's articles and those of our co-operators "make me sometimes sing the last line of this wonderful hymn: 'We will be true to Thee till death!' I am not the only one who feels such strength by reading THE SWORD."

A good many servicemen returned to give thanks also. Dick Ward, now at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Camp Pendleton, California, relates this incident while he served aboard a cruiser, the USS LOS ANGELES: "I was walking through a compartment on my way to chow when I noticed a paper laying on a bunk that was wrapped similar to the way my SWORD was wrapped. So I made a point to return, and when I did I was thrilled to find another Christian brother reading THE SWORD. As a result, we had some sweet hours of fellowship around the Word."

Some children and teen-agers expressed their appreciation also. Benuel Glick reports, "I am sixteen years old and my sister and I like to read THE SWORD all through. We also enjoy working the puzzles each week."

Mrs. Richard Sexton writes, "My little girl, five years old, always wants me to read *Jungle Doctor Operates* first thing. She never tires of hearing 'Ma Just Kept On.' Every three or four nights she wants me to read it again."

The pastor of Zion Lutheran Church of Douds (Independent), Rev. Kenneth Carr of Libertyville, Iowa, orders books, then continues: "Perhaps a 4-page letter, single spaced, would contain more encouragement, but since there's no doctrine we disagree on, I only need one sentence to tell you I stand behind the position of THE SWORD OF THE LORD in every way."

Mrs. James Wright of Hundred, West Virginia, places a fine order, then says: "We thank God for THE SWORD—one of the better publications. We enjoy it week by week and find much helpful material in it. Our oldest son was saved through the reading of one of the sermons."

God is good to let us hear of some who are saved through this literature. But how great the number must be from whom we do not hear! Mrs. Charles Adams of Dayton, Ohio, sent her brother, near his birthday, the booklet, "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" and a serious letter telling him that he needed to be saved. She says, "Surprisingly, it was my sister-in-law who read the letter and booklet, became convicted and some time later surrendered to Christ in her home . . ."

"It was your booklet, 'What Must I Do to Be Saved?' that opened my eyes to salvation. Thank the Lord for it," writes Mrs. Beller of Milroy, Pennsylvania, with a feeble hand.

"God bless Brother Rice. He made me a saved man," exclaims Elias Menke of Memphis, Tennessee.

Another one writes (Riley Landry of Baton Rouge, Louisiana): "My brother was won to Christ last week by one of your booklets, 'What Must I Do to Be Saved?'"

This sad letter came from a

Jungle Doctor Attacks Witchcraft

(Continued from page 3)

"Yes," I said, "I have great anger."

"But, Bwana," she said, "don't be angry with the mother. It was her fear."

"My anger is not for the mother, nor is it for any person really, but it is because they have turned their back on the only way that could possibly have saved that child's sight."

I brought my hand down on the table with a thump that made the old African nurse jump.

"Now, listen, Sech, I'm not going to let that child lose his sight. I'll catch him and help him if I have to travel over half Tanganyika to do it. I cannot see that little fellow suffer and be blind for life if a few days' medicine could save him."

She shrugged her shoulders. At that moment the drums started to beat, and I found the staff all sitting quietly, ready for the start of the day. I told them the story of little Mbuli.

"Yah," said Daudi, "and they will go to a witch doctor and he will be blinded."

To my mind flashed that verse written over 2,500 years ago, which applied strikingly.

"Listen," I said, "to what God says about it, and don't you, my friends, follow the lack of wisdom of Mbuli's mother: these are the words of God, listen, 'You have forsaken Me, the Fountain of living water, and have hewn for yourselves wells, cracked wells, that can hold no water.' And if it makes me sad and upset because these folk have left us to go their own ways, what must God feel

The Bible never told any man to run from the Devil. It says to make the Devil run from you. Submit yourself to God, resist the Devil and he will flee from you. Jesus whipped the Devil and He is the only person who ever did it. If we submit ourselves to Christ, the Devil will flee because Christ has whipped him. While the Bible does not tell us to run from the Devil, it does tell us to run from the appetites of the flesh. We are told to flee from fornication. In other words, it is harder to win over self than it is to win over the Devil. Paul said, 'Avoid the appearance of evil.' Don't put yourself in the way of temptation. Run from your appetites. Run from your passions. Don't stay there and ask Jesus Christ to take care of you. Flee! The Bible teaches that we have no temptations which are not common to man. It teaches that God will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. It teaches that God will provide a way of escape. One way to escape from passion and appetites are two good legs. God wants us to run and if you don't run you are disobeying God. It is a sin to stay and expose yourself to unnecessary temptations.—Bob Jones, Sr.

Mrs. Tribble—I say sad, but there is a note of rejoicing also—"Your booklet, *A Good Man Lost; a Bad Man Saved*, helped my father-in-law. He was a good man, but lost. He found the Lord last May and in June had a stroke and passed away." Thank God, he turned to Christ before it was too late.

How many times we have heard this: "I take and preach much of the material in THE SWORD OF THE LORD."

An 8-year-old ordered the free booklet, then said, "I sold the subscription to one of our neighbors and it looks like she might become a Christian. I have three sisters and their names are Lynette, Oriana and Ludella. I have one little baby brother, and his name is John David. My father is a Christian school teacher, and he reads THE SWORD OF THE LORD. My mother is a Christian, too. Thank you." So writes Joletta Brown.

I have scarcely begun on the great stack of comments on my desk, but this is getting long, and space is precious. But this will give you a sample of how others are blessed, and how we have been blessed and helped by this "Letter Month" mail. You can see why we want a certain time each year when we ask for your letters.

So we take courage and fight on. How wonderful that we are workers together to get out the Gospel!

when we do the same thing to Him?"

"Bwana," said Daudi, "does not God go after us and try to bring us back?"

"That, Daudi," I said, "is exactly what I'm going to do in this matter."

There were over a hundred people to examine and treat that day, and it was not until the glaring heat of an African midday that Daudi, Samson, and I were out searching for the small boy and his mother. With us in the car was the father of my other little eye-patient. He was rather apprehensive at first, but as we drove slowly over the plains he became more and more conversational.

"Bwana," said Daudi, "this man tells me that his wife heard the mat-merchant threaten Mbuli's mother."

Now I understood why, in blind terror, the woman had run away, taking the small boy with her.

The car pulled up with a swirl of dust outside a great square African building. A cloud of flies rose from the central boma or cattle yard, which was surrounded by the building. Women were pounding corn for the midday meal, others were shaking out the husks in shallow round baskets, and still others were grinding flour which would shortly be cooked in great clay pots over open fires. The men were sitting round waiting and gossiping.

As I got out of the car some of them rose to their feet and came across to me: others just sat where they were. There was a general air of hostility. I wished them all good day in their language, and was about to inquire the whereabouts of the runaways when an old man walked through the doorway of one of the squat houses, blinking as he came from the smoky darkness of the interior into the bright sunlight. When he saw me he smiled all over his wrinkled face, hitched up his loin cloth (a most disreputable rag) and came across to me, shaking me vigorously by the hand.

"Yah," said he, "the Bwana! Indeed he is food for the eyes."

And turning round to the rather sullen collection of men, he said, "There never was such a one as the Bwana to deal with boils. H-e-e-e-h, did not I have them?"

He went into a garrulous description of the number, size, and, worst of all, the location of his troubles.

"Behold," said he, "I wore a charm around my neck, and I paid a goat for it, but still they came, behind my neck" (he twisted his head to a dangerous angle for demonstration purposes), "and under my arm" (he shifted the dirty black cloth knotted over his shoulder, demonstrating the long string of scars!).

Daudi saw I was becoming apprehensive, and grinned all over his face.

"But, kumbe," said the old man, "the father of all the boils was this one." He dragged his loin cloth to one side and twisted his head round in an endeavor to look at his spine.

"Carefully, grandfather," said Samson, "you need the neck of a giraffe to do that properly."

For the first time I saw the

suspicion of a smile on the faces of the audience.

"Yah," said the old man, point-



ing to a scar the size of a florin, "this was the one. Everybody told me their own ideas. The muganga (medicine man) told me it was caused by a spell. I could not sit down properly. Behold, I sat on the edge of a stool, and if I moved, even so far, e-e-e-h, it bit me! When I stood up my skin was too tight and again it bit me! Yah, and if I walked, ya-ya-ya-ya-ya, and when someone bumped into me, o-o-o-e-e-e-i-i-i."

He put his hand on my shoulder. "Kumbe! Bwana, and so I came to you. You gave me some small white pills which made the pain disappear. You told me to go to bed and I refused. I said I could not lie in bed; but then you took a tube from your car-wheel, and, yah, I lay in comfort; and then, Bwana" (he passed his hand through his curly, grizzled hair), "e-e-e-h, the bottle."

Daudi was shaking with mirth.

"Heh," said one of the audience, "what did the Bwana do with the bottle?"

"Hongo," said the old man, "what did the Bwana do with the bottle? What did he do, indeed!"

"Well," said the man, "what did he do?"

"It was a strange bottle," said the old man, "with a large mouth. The Bwana had put medicine on my ipu for many days, and then he came and looked at it and said, 'It is ready for harvest,' so he came with his bottle."

The Mupembamoto (the sub-chief) had joined the group and was listening intently. "And what did the Bwana do with the bottle?" he asked.

"Yah," said the old man, revealing in the story, "he filled the bottle with hot water, and while I was still wondering what he was going to do with it he poured out

(Continued on page 7)

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A Free Grace Promise

(Continued from page 1)

mon. The world is still sick and dying. The world is still corrupting and rotting. The world is a ship in which the water is rising fast, and the vessel is going down into the deep of destruction. God's salvation is wanted as much today as when the Spirit preached it in Noah's day to the spirits in prison. God must step in and bring deliverance, or there remains no hope.

Some want deliverance from present trouble. If you are in this need tonight through very sore distress, I invite you to take my text as your guide, and believe that "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." Depend upon it, in any form of distress, physical, mental, or whatever it may be, prayer is wonderfully available. "Call upon me," says God, "in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

This is true whenever you come into a position of deep personal distress, even though it should not be of a physical kind. When you do not know how to act, but are bewildered and at your wits' end, when wave of trouble has followed wave of trouble till you are like the sailor in the storm who reels to and fro and staggers like a drunken man; if now you cannot help yourself because your spirit sinks and your mind fails, call upon God, call upon God, call upon God!

Lost child in the wood, with the night fog thickening about you, ready to lie down and die, call upon your Father. Call upon God, thou distracted one; for "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered."

In the last great day when all secrets are known, it will seem ridiculous that ever persons took to writing tales and romances; for the real stories of what God has done for those who cry to Him infinitely more surprising. If men and women could but tell in simple, natural language how God has come to their rescue in the hour of imminent distress, they would set the harps of Heaven a-ringing with new melodies, and the heart of saints on earth a-glowing with new love to God for His wonderful kindness to the children of men. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness! Oh, that we could abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness to ourselves in the night of our weeping!

The text holds good concerning deliverance from future troubles. What is to happen in the amazing future we do not know. Whatever is to happen according to the Word of God—if the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood—if God shall show great wonders in the heavens, and in the earth, blood and fire, and pillars of smoke, yet remember that though you will then assuredly want deliverance, deliverance will still be near at hand. The text seems put in a startling connection in order to advise us that when the worst and most terrible convulsions shall occur, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." The star Wormwood may fall, but we shall be saved if we call upon the name of the Lord. Plagues may be poured out, trumpets may sound, and judgments may follow one another as quickly as the plagues of Egypt, but "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." When the need of deliverance shall apparently increase, the abundance of salvation shall increase with it. Fear not the direst of all wars, the bitterest of all famines, the deadliest of all plagues; for still, if we call upon the Lord, He is pledged to deliver us. This word of promise meets the most terrible of possibilities with a sure salvation.

Yes, and when you come to die, when to you the sun has turned into darkness and the moon into blood, this text ensures deliverance in the last dread hour. Call upon the name of the Lord, and you shall be saved. Amid the pains of death, and the gloom of departure, you shall enjoy a glorious visitation, which shall turn darkness into light and sorrow into joy. When you wake up amid the

realities of the eternal future there will be nothing for you to dread in resurrection, or in judgment, or in the yawning mouth of Hell. If you have called upon the name of the Lord, you shall still be delivered. Though the unpardoned are thrust down to the depth of woe, and the righteous scarcely are saved, yet you who have called upon the name of the Lord must be delivered. Stands the promise firm, whatever may be hidden in the great roll of the future; God cannot deny Himself, He will deliver those who call upon His name.

What is wanted, then, is salvation; and I do think, beloved brethren, that you and I who preach the Word and long to save souls, must very often go over this grand old truth about salvation to the guilty, deliverance to all who call upon the name of the Lord. Sometimes we talk to friends about the higher life, about attaining to very high degrees of sanctity; and all this is very proper and very good; but still the great fundamental truth is, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." We urge our friends to be sound in doctrine, and to know what they do know, and to understand the revealed will of God; and very proper is this also; but still, first and foremost, this is the elementary, all-important truth—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." To this old foundation truth we come back for comfort.

I sometimes rejoice in God, and joy in the God of salvation, and spread my wings and mount up into communion with the heavens; but still there are other seasons when I hide my head in darkness, and then I am very glad of such a broad, gracious promise as this, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." I find that my sweetest, happiest, safest state is just as a poor, guilty, helpless sinner, to call upon the name of the Lord and take mercy at His hands as one who deserves nothing but His wrath, while I dare hang the weight of my soul on such a sure promise as this, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Get where you may, however high your experience; be what you may, however great your usefulness, you will always want to come back to the same ground upon which the poorest and weakest of hearts must stand, and claim to be saved by almighty grace, through simply calling upon the name of the Lord.

Thus have I said enough upon what is always wanted—this deliverance, this salvation.

II. Observe the Way in Which This Deliverance Is to Be Had

Help us, blessed Spirit, in this our meditation. It is to be had, according to the text, by calling upon the name of the Lord.

Is not the most obvious sense of this language, *prayer*? Are we not brought to the Lord by a prayer which trusts in God—by a prayer which asks God to give the deliverance that is needed, and expects to have it from the Lord as a gift of grace? It amounts to much the same thing as that other word, "Believe and live"; for how shall they call on Him of Whom they have not heard? And if they have heard, yet vain is their calling if they have not believed as well as heard. But to "call on the name of the Lord" is briefly to pray a believing prayer; to cry to God for His help, and to leave yourself in His hands. This is very simple, is it not? There is no cumbersome machinery here, nothing complex and mysterious. No priestly help is wanted, except the help of that great High Priest who intercedes for us within the veil. A poor, broken heart pours its distress into the ear of God and calls upon Him to fulfill His promise of help in the time of need—that is all. Thank God, nothing more is mentioned in our text. The promise is—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

The text, however, contains within it a measure of specific instruction: *the prayer must be to the true God*. "Whosoever shall

Jungle Doctor Attacks Witchcraft

(Continued from page 6)

the hot water and put the mouth of the bottle over my *ipu*."

Daudi, with an ear-to-ear smile, said, "Now I'll tell the rest of the story. For a moment you lay there and smiled and then you tried to get up, and then you started to say *e-e-e-h, yah*, and then you went on to say *ah-aha-yah*, and finally *ak-k-k-k*."

"E-e-h," said the old man, "does my memory not tell me these things? But then, *psssss-s*, it was finished."

"What happened?" asked the subchief.

"What happened?" said the old man, his voice rising. "Behold, the *ipu* was no more, the bottle had removed the trouble. Surely, Bwana, that was a way of wisdom!"

"But why?" asked the chief.

"Why not squeeze the *ipu*?"

"Heh," said Daudi, "if you . . ."

"Stop," I ordered, and turning to the subchief, I said, "Would you bring me a pot of water?"

From the car I got a handful of cotton waste. I dipped this into the water and held it up. An occasional drop filtered from it.

"There," I said, "there's water in it, but it only comes out in drops."

Suddenly I squeezed. Quite a cascade went on to the ground, and others of my audience who had crowded round so as not to miss a thing, stumbled back, squirted in the face.

"You see what happens," I said.

"An *ipu* is full of *vidudu* (little germs). Squeeze it and the germs go all over the place—see?" (I lifted the old man's arm.) "He squeezed and look what happened."

"You see," said Daudi, "the Bwana knows a better way to deal with *ipus*. He also knows a better way of dealing with eyes, and that's the reason for his coming today. A small boy with eye trouble arrived at the hospital yesterday, but, behold, in the night his mother disappeared."

"Yah," said the old man, who rather felt that he was no longer the center of discussion, "she's here, she . . ." And then he looked round and stopped.

"My friends," I said, "what's

call on the name of Jehovah shall be saved." There is something distinctive here; for one would call on Baal, another would call on Ashtaro, and a fourth on Moloch; but these would not be saved. The promise is special: "Whosoever shall call on the name of Jehovah shall be saved." You know that true name, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost"—call upon it. You know how the name of Jehovah is set forth most conspicuously in the person of the Lord Jesus—call upon Him. Call upon the true God. Call upon no idol, call on no Virgin Mary, no saint, dead or living. Call on no image. Call on no impression of your mind! Call upon the living God—call upon Him who reveals Himself in the Bible—call upon Him who manifests Himself in the person of His dear Son; for whosoever shall call upon this God shall be saved.

You may call upon the idols, but these will not hear you: "Ears have they, but they hear not. Eyes have they, but they see not." You may not call upon men, for they are all sinners like yourselves. Priests cannot help their most zealous admirers; but, "Whosoever shall call on the name of Jehovah shall be saved." Mind, then, it is not the mere repetition of a prayer as a sort of charm, or a piece of religious witchcraft, but you must make a direct address to God, an appeal to the Most High to help you in your time of need. In presenting true prayer to the true God you shall be delivered.

Moreover, *the prayer should be intelligently presented*. We read, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord." Now, by the word "name" we understand the person, the character of the Lord. The more, then, you know about the Lord and the better you know His name, the more intelligently will you call upon that name. If you know His power, you will call upon that power to help you. If you know His mercy, you will call upon Him in His grace to save you. If you know His wisdom,

(Continued on page 8)

more valuable than an eye?"

There was an air of hostility again. I saw one man step forward.

"Bwana," said he, "I'm the father of the child."

"Well," I said quietly, "is there any profit in having a blind son? Can he help you to look after your cattle or to dig in your garden? Can he be the leader of your clan if he's blind?"

"Bwana," said the father, "he's bewitched, and he will die."

"Will you agree," said I, "to let him come back to the hospital with us, and we will do all in our power to break the power of the witchcraft?"

"Nema," said the father, "I refuse."

"You refuse?" said Daudi. "He refuses, Bwana, because he fears that he will have to pay a cow for the child's treatment."

"Is that so?" I asked the father.

"Magu," said he sullenly, "I don't know."

"I will feed the child at the hospital," I said. "I will give him medicine and a bed and will look after him, and there's no need for payment."

"But you are not the child's relative," said the father in astonishment.

"Well, no," I said, "but I have orders from my Chief."

I tapped the little leather-covered book that I pulled from my hip pocket. "Here are His words. He says, 'Let the little children come unto me and don't forbid them.' He says it's for them and for such as they that He is preparing the Kingdom, and is not He stronger than witchcraft and the Devil? Did He not say, 'Don't fear, for I am with you; don't be frightened, for I am your God? Did not He say also, 'I am with you all the day? Will a Chief break His word?"

"But," said the father, "I know the child will die."

"Well," said Daudi, "if the child goes home he will die. You will have no joy in that, but the Bwana sees a chance of the child living if he goes to the hospital. Would it not be a way of wisdom to try this way?"

The old man with the boils broke in. "Do it," he said, "do it. The Bwana will help you."

"Heh," said the father, turning on his heel, "I refuse."

Someone was pushing his way through the crowd behind me. I saw it was my passenger, the father of the small boy from whose eyes I had removed cataracts. The whole of this story was gone into again at length for his benefit, and then this man raised his voice.

"Listen," he said, "a week ago my child was blind. But the Bwana put medicine in his eyes, and with his various bits of iron" (I thought of my beautiful fragile eye instruments and smiled) "he made the child see again."

"Alu," said everybody, "let the Bwana try."

With an ill grace the father agreed. "But," said he, "my wife will return with me; she is required to dig in the garden."

I readily agreed. Five minutes later the child and the mother appeared. They had been hiding behind a grain bin in one of the houses. The woman was terrified, but I spoke to her gently, "Don't be afraid, we shall look after little Mbuli for you, and with the help of our God his eyes will recover."

"But, Bwana," she said, "you don't understand. He cannot live."

"Listen," I said, "and I will tell you why I believe he will live:

"There were once three men. The king of their country had a heart full of pride. He had a statue made of himself, made of gold, and he ordered everybody to bow down to it, but three men who served the same Chief, the same God as I do, refused. They said they only worshipped one God. 'Very well,' said the king, 'you will be thrown into a furnace.' 'Well,' said the three men, 'our God is able to deliver us, and He will,' and although the king made the fire seven times hotter, these men's lives were saved, and the same God that they served is the one whom I serve, and I will pray to Him that Mbuli's eyes may be made better and his life saved."

The woman nodded and I wondered just how much she under-

stood. The small boy was safely seated between Daudi and Samson in the car. I said farewell to the villagers and especially to my old friend with the boils, and we drove back to the hospital.

At once Mbuli's eyes were attended to, in itself a tricky procedure. On the cornea, the clear portion of the eye, was a crescent-shaped white ulcer. What it required was a few drops of cocaine to dull the pain, after which a sharpened matchstick, a drop of carbolic, and sufficient experience to touch every part of that ulcer without leaving any spot untreated, yet without going too deep. It was a case of hundredths of an inch.

Mbuli was inclined to be tearful and blinked, so I poured a few drops of chloroform on a mask, and when he was just unconscious I dealt with the ulcer which, untreated, would surely have blinded him.

I went home contented. For a few pence his sight had been saved and I had exploded the bewitching bogey, but the next day, to my intense amazement and deep concern, the small boy had all the signs of pneumonia.



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A Free Grace Promise

(Continued from page 7)

you feel that He knows your difficulties, and can help you through them. If you understand His immutability, you will call upon Him, as the same God who has saved other sinners, to come and save you.

It will be well, therefore, for you to study the Scriptures much, and to pray the Lord to manifest Himself to you that you may know Him; since, in proportion to your acquaintance with Him, will you with greater confidence be able to call upon His name. But, little as you may know, call on Him according to the little you do know. Cast yourself upon Him, whether your trouble tonight be external or internal; but especially if it be internal, if it be the trouble of sin, if it be the burden of guilt,

if it be a load of horror and fear because of wrath to come, call upon the name of the Lord, for you shall be delivered. There stands His promise. It is not, "He may be delivered," but he "shall be." Note well the everlasting "shall" of God—irrevocable, unalterable, unquestionable, irresistible. His promise stands eternally the same. Hath He said, and shall He not do it? "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

This way of salvation, by calling upon the name of the Lord, glorifies God. He asks nothing of you but that you ask everything of Him. You are the beggar, and He is the benefactor. You are in the trouble, and He is the Deliverer. All you have to do is to trust

Him and beg of Him. This is easy enough. This puts the matter into the hands of the Lord and takes it out of your hands. Do you not like the plan? Put it in practice immediately! It will prove itself gloriously effectual.

Dear friends, I speak to some whom I know to be now present, who are under severe trial. You dare not look up. You seem to be given up; at any rate you have given yourself up; and yet I pray you, call upon the name of the Lord. You cannot perish praying; no one has ever done so. If you could perish praying, you would be a new wonder in the universe. A praying soul in Hell is an utter impossibility. A man calling on God and rejected of God!—the supposition is not to be endured. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." God Himself must lie, He must quit His nature, forfeit His claim to mer-

cy, destroy His character of love, if He were to let a poor sinner call upon His name, and yet refuse to hear him.

There will come a day, but that is not now—there will come a day in the next state when He will say, "I called, but ye refused"; but it is not so now. While there is life there is hope. "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart," but call upon God at once; for this warrant of grace runneth through all the regions of mortality, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I recollect a time when, if I had heard a sermon on this subject putting it plainly to me, I should have leaped into comfort and light in a single moment. Is it not such a time with you? I thought, I must do something, I must be something, I must in some way prepare myself for the mercy

of God. I did not know that a calling upon God, a trusting myself in His hand, an invocation of His sacred name, would bring me to Christ, the Saviour. But so it stands, and happy, indeed, was I when I found it out. Heaven is given away. Salvation may be had for the asking. I hope that many a captive heart here will at once leap to loose his chains, and cry, "It is even so. If God has said it, it must be true. There it is in His own Word. I have called upon Him, and I must be delivered."

III. The People to Whom This Promise and This Deliverance Will Be Given

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be delivered."

According to the connection, the people had been greatly afflicted— (Continued on page 9)

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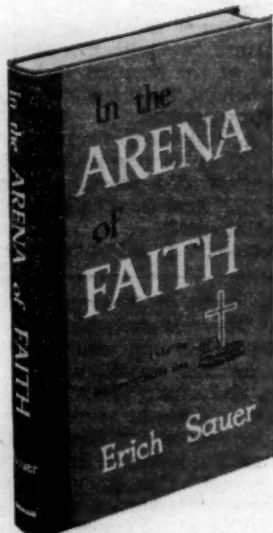
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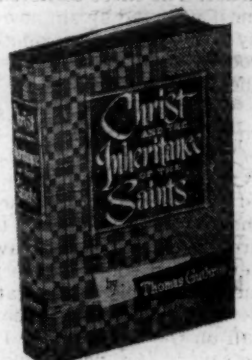
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A Free Grace Promise

(Continued from page 8)

afflicted beyond all precedent, afflicted to the very brink of despair; but the Lord said, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Go down to the hospital. You may select, if you please, the hospital which deals with the effects of vice. In that house of misery you may stand at each bed and say, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." You may then hasten to the jail. You may stop at every door of every cell, yes, even at the grating of the condemned cell, if there lie men and women there given up to death, and you may with safety say to each one, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered."

I know what the Pharisees will say—"If you preach this, men will go on in sin." It has always been so, that the great mercy of God has been turned by some into a reason for continuing in sin; but God (and this is the wonder of it) has never restricted His mercy because of that. It must have been a terrible provocation of Almighty grace when men have perverted His mercy into an excuse for sin, but the Lord has never even taken the edges off from His mercy because men have misused it: He has still made it stand out bright and clear: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Still He cries, "Turn and live." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Undimmed is that brave sun that shineth on the foulest dunghills of vice. Trust Christ, and live. Call upon the name of the Lord, and you shall be pardoned; yea, you shall be rescued from the bondage of your sin and be made a new creature, a child of God, a member of the family of His grace. The most afflicted, and the most afflicted by sin, are met with by this gracious promise, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Yes, but there were some, according to Joel, who had the Spirit of God poured out upon them. What about them? Were they saved by that? Oh no! Those who had the Spirit of God so that they dreamed dreams and saw visions, yet had to come to the palace of mercy by this same gate of believing prayer—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Ah, poor souls! you say to yourselves, "If we were deacons of churches, if we were pastors, oh, then we should be saved!" You do not know anything about it: church officers are no more saved by their office than you are by being without office. We owe nothing to our official position in this matter of salvation: in fact, we may owe our damnation to our official standing unless we look well to our ways. We have no preference over you plain folks. I do assure you, I am quite happy to take your hand, whoever you may be, and come to Christ on the same footing as yourself.

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Often, when I have been cheering up a poor sinner, and urging him to believe in Christ, I have thought, "Well, if he will not drink this cup of comfort, I will even drink it up myself." I assure you, I need it as much as those to whom I carry it. I have been as big a sinner as any of you, and therefore I take the promise to myself. The divine cordial shall not be lost: I will accept it. I came to Jesus as I was, weary, and worn, and faint, and sick, and full of sin, and I trusted Him on my own account, and found peace—peace on the same ground as my text sets before all of you. If I drink of this consolation, you may drink it too. The miracle of this cup is that fifty may drink, and yet it is just as full as ever. There

is no restriction in the word "Whosoever." You maidens that have the Spirit of God upon you, and you old men that dream, it is neither the Spirit of God nor the dreaming that will save you; but your calling on the sacred name. It is, "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Also, there were some upon whom the Spirit of God did not fall. They did not speak with tongues, nor prophesy the future, nor work miracles, but though they did none of these marvels, yet it stood true to them—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." What though no supernatural gift was bestowed, though they saw no vision and could not speak with tongues, they called upon the name of the Lord, and they were saved. There is the same way of salvation for the little as well as for the great, for the poorest and most obscure as well as for those that are strong in faith, and lead the hosts of God to the battle.

"Ah!" says another, "but I am worse than that, I have no good feelings. I would give all that I have to own a broken heart. I wish I could even feel despair, but I am hard as a stone." I have been told that sorrowful story many times, and it almost always happens that those who most mourn their want of feeling are those who feel most acutely. Their hearts are like Hell-hardened steel; so they say; but it is not true. But if it were true, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Do you think that the Lord wants you to give yourself a new heart first, and that then He will save you? My dear soul, you are saved when you have a new heart, and you do not want Him to save you then, since you are saved. "Oh, but I must get good feelings!" Must you? Where are you going for them? Are you to rake the dunghill of your depraved nature to find good feelings there? Come without any good feeling. Come just as you are. Come, you that are like a frozen iceberg, that have nothing about you whatever, but that which chills and repels; come and call upon the name of the Lord, and you shall be saved. "Wonders of grace to God belong." It is not a small gospel that He has sent us to preach to small sinners, but ours is a great gospel for great sinners. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

"Ah, well!" says one, "I cannot think it is meant for me, for I am nobody." Nobody, are you there? I have a great love for nobodies. I am worried with somebodies, and the worst somebody in the world is my own somebody. How I wish I could always turn my own somebody out, and keep company with none but nobodies! Then I should make Jesus everybody. Nobody, where are you? You are the very person that I am sent to look after. If there is nothing of you, there shall be all the more of Christ. If you are not only empty, but cracked and broken; if you are done for, destroyed, ruined, utterly crushed and broken, to you is this word of salvation sent:—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I have set the gate wide open. If it were the wrong track, all the sheep would go through; but as it is the right road, I may set the gate open as long as I will, but yet the sheep will shun it, unless thou, Great Shepherd, shall go around the field tonight and lead them in. Take up in Thine own arms some sheep that Thou hast purchased long ago with Thy dear heart's blood—take him upon Thy gracious shoulders, rejoicing as Thou doest it, and place him within the field where the good pasture grows.

IV. The Blessing Itself

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." I need not say much about it because I have already expounded it. It is a very good rule, when a man makes you a promise, to understand it in the narrowest sense. It is fair to him that you should do so. Let him interpret it liberally, if he pleases; but he is actually

bound to give you no more than the bare terms of his promise will imply. Now, it is a rule which all God's people may well practice, always to understand God's promises in the largest possible sense. If the words will bear a bigger construction than at the first sight they naturally suggest to you, you may put the larger construction upon them. "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or even think."

God never draws a line in His promise, that He may go barely up to it; but it is with the great God as it was with His dear Son, who, though He was sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, yet spent the greater part of His time in Galilee, which was called, "Galilee of the Gentiles"; and went to the very verge of Canaan to find out a Canaanitish woman, that He might give her a blessing. Thou mayest put the biggest and most liberal sense, then, on such a text as this, for Peter did so. The New Testament is wont to give a broader sense to Old Testament words; and it does so most rightly, for God loves for us to treat His

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AND YET MY HEART IS SMITTEN AS THIS TOUCHING SIGHT I SEE—

HAS HIS REVERENCE FOR THAT BIBLE

DEPENDS MUCH ON ME?

AS I SEE HIM WITH HIS BIBLE,

I BOW MY HEAD AND PRAY—

MAY HE ALWAYS LOVE THAT BIBLE

THE WAY HE DOES TODAY.

THEN I HEAR A VOICE WITHIN ME SPEAK IN SOLEMN WORDS AND TRUE;

HOW HE CHERISHES THAT BIBLE WILL DEPEND A LOT ON YOU!

I LOVE MY BIBLE BETTER

SINCE I'VE SEEN THE BEAMING JOY

THIS WONDERFUL POSSESSION

HAS AFFORDED TO MY BOY.

MAY I SEEK TO GIVE MINE DAILY A DEVOTION HE CAN SEE,

FOR THE LOVE HE BEARS HIS BIBLE

WILL DEPEND A LOT ON ME.

—United Presbyterian

words with the breadth of faith.

Come, then, if you are the subject of the judgments of God; if you believe that God's hand has visited you on account of sin, call upon Him, and He will deliver you both from the judgment, and from the guilt that brought the judgment—from the sin, and from that which follows the sin. He will help you to escape. Try Him now, I pray you.

And if your case should be different: if you are a child of God and you are in trouble, and that trouble eats into your spirit, and causes you daily wear of spirit and tear of heart—call upon the Lord. He can take away from you the fret and the trouble too. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." You may have to bear the trouble, but it shall be so transformed as to be rather a blessing than an evil, and you shall fall in love with your cross, since the nature of it has been changed.

If sin be the great cause of your present trouble, and that sin has brought you into bondage to evil habits, if you have been a drunkard and do not know how to learn sobriety, if you have been unchaste and have become entangled in vicious connections; call upon God, and He can break you away from the sin, and set you free from all its entanglements. He can cut you loose tonight with the great sword of His grace and make you a free man. I tell you that, though you should be like a poor sheep between the jaws of a lion, ready to be devoured immediately by the monster, God can come and pluck you out from between the lion's jaws. The prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered. Only call upon the name of the Lord!

Evolution

(Continued from page 1)

hack away the foundations of orthodox, fundamental, evangelical religion, attacking through the basic tenet or phantasmagoria of evolution (lineal descendancy). Actually the ranks of "scholarly" attackers haven't a leg to stand on, though the people do not always know that. We have done everything BUT investigate that Goliath of quackery, evolution! Evolutionary science scares people, or intrigues them, and talks of "scientific method" while butchering the method. Yet the church is injured mortally. The gauntlet is tossed; it is time to fight! We have—it seems—only popguns and pennies, but two things more—God and truth!

Voluminous tomes could be printed showing the violent attacks that have been launched against Christ's church by "science." Beginning with Darwin's frequent slams at "special crea-

tion" and continuing till recent volumes such as *The Vertebrate Body* by Alfred Romer of Harvard, in which he does not get beyond page 11 without smashing out at "design" and the "supernatural," there is a long, long list of attacks. Today they are even coming from men who call themselves "totally loyal to Christ."

The Kind of Evolution Teaching Which Bible Believers Oppose

For twenty-five years some evolutionary scientists have been calling evolution "creation." The new term appealing to many is "theistic evolution." Both the concept of God's working through evolution, also "creation" are therefore concepts including evolution ideas, to some.

Therefore some of us use a new word, *creatology*, as a new term (Continued on page 10)

Call upon the name of the Lord, and you shall be delivered.

In conclusion, I must remind you of one mournful thought. Let me warn you of

V. The Sadly Common Neglect of This Blessing

You would think that everybody would call upon the name of the Lord; but read the text, "For in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said." It shall be there as the Lord hath said. Will they not have it then? Notice! "And in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."

It seems to shrivel me up altogether, that word "remnant." What! Will they not come? Are they madmen? Will they not come? No, only a remnant; and even that remnant will not call upon the name of the Lord until first God calls them by His grace. This is almost as great a wonder as the love which so graciously invites them. Could even devils behave worse? If they were invited to call upon God, and be saved, would they refuse?

Unhappy business! The way is plain, but "few there be that find it." After all the preaching, and all the invitation, and the illimitable breadth of the promise, yet all that are saved are contained "in the remnant whom the Lord shall call." Is not our text a generous invitation; the setting open of the door, yea, the lifting of the door from off its hinges, that it never might be shut? And yet "broad is the gate, and wide is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat." There they come, streams of them, hurrying impatiently, rushing down to death and Hell—yes, eagerly panting, hurrying, dashing against one another to descend to that awful gulf from which there is no return! No missionaries are wanted, no ministers are needed to plead with men to go to Hell. No books of persuasion are wanted to urge them to rush onward to eternal ruin.

Never spake the Master a word which observation more clearly proves than when He said, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." You will attend your chapels, but you will not call on the Lord. Jesus cries, "Ye search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me; but ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." You will do anything rather than come to Jesus. You stop short of calling upon Him.

O my dear hearers, do not let it be so with you! Many of you are saved; I beseech you intercede for those who are not saved. Oh,

that the unconverted among you may be moved to pray. Before you leave this place, breathe an earnest prayer to God, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner. Lord I need to be saved. Save me. I call upon Thy name." Join with me in prayer at this moment, I entreat you. Join with me while I put words into your mouths, and speak them on your behalf—"Lord, I am guilty. I deserve Thy wrath. Lord I cannot save myself. Lord, I would have a new heart and a right spirit, but what can I do? Lord, I can do nothing, come and work in me to will and to do Thy good pleasure."

*I'll praise him in life, and praise him in death,
And praise him as long as he lendeth me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
'If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'*

But I now do from my very soul call upon Thy name. Trembling, yet believing, I cast myself wholly upon thee, O Lord. I trust the blood and righteousness of Thy dear Son; I trust Thy mercy, and Thy love, and Thy power, as they are revealed in Him. I dare to lay hold upon this word of Thine, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. Lord, save me to-night, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

(From the book, *TWELVE SERMONS ON PRAYER*, published by Marshall, Morgan & Scott, Ltd., London.)

My Decision for Christ

You have read the above wonderful sermon by the great Spurgeon who won so many thousands to Christ in England years ago. Now will you honestly repent of your sins and trust Christ to save you? If you will, I beg you to say yes to God sincerely, then sign the following decision form, copy it in a letter and mail it to me at once.

Evangelist John R. Rice
214 West Wesley Street
Wheaton, Illinois

Dear Brother Rice:

Realizing that I am a sinner and believing that Christ died for my sins, I here and now trust Him to be my personal Saviour, depending on Him to forgive all my sins, change my heart, and give me everlasting life as He promised to do. I am glad to confess Him as my Saviour and gladly mail this to let you know.

Signed _____

Address _____

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Evolution

(Continued from page 9)

for fundamentalists, so as to get away from the "theistic evolution" now being poured into the old word *creationism*. And since some mere subspecies and breeds and varieties have been "upped" to specific rank, the word *species* is more or less abandoned for the new word of Frank L. Marsh, *baramin*, which comes from the Hebrew "bara" (create) and "min" (kind). The fundamentalists, in their stand on creatology, hold that, as Genesis clearly teaches again and again, God *created* each *kind* of living thing, and ruled that it should be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth (have its chance to fill earth), but each was to reproduce after his kind—*stay* within its kind.

Now "science" (evolutionary) gives us the clear teaching that one kind became another higher and more complex kind, and *that* became a higher and more complex kind, the very kinds of creatures from time to time finding themselves in an entirely different environment, as when a fish became an amphibian and went up on shore, and then became reptile, and then mammal, after which it may never have entered water again. (The particular fish was, they say, the crossopterygian osteolepiform, and the amphibian was the stegocephalian. The idea is preposterous. See our *ompendium*.)

It is *that* concept of evolution which the fundamentalist Christians have fought, because it clashes with the Bible fundamentally. A clever scholar may assure you that the positions are identical or that your stand does not matter, but you cannot have the answer both ways! One is wrong—for creating a kind, such as snail, or ant, or rabbit, and keeping in that *kind* forever is NOT evolving a microscopic asexual creature of one cell until he becomes horse, eagle, rhinoceros, and man. The positions are not alike, and one is in accord with Scripture while the other is not.

Please mention THE SWORD OF THE LORD when answering advertisements.

No one objects to a teaching of an individual's developing or a rose's maturing; of course not! But when a "scholar" starts with such development, and then calls it "evolution" and infers from it that all kinds of creatures "evolve" higher as surely as the individual develops, then Christians cry "whoa!" And well they may, for at *that* point, science drags us over into enemy territory and also into terrible *fraud*!

You can, in other words, follow the development of a turtle or rabbit or hornet or what you will, but you do not find any proof whatsoever that the turtle leaves his turtleness, the rabbit his rabbitness, or the hornet its hornetness! *There isn't any evolution of one kind to another!* There is only a horizontal variation or differentiation. Not even an ameba evolves higher! Not even an alga evolves higher! But evolution demands that an ameba or similar "generalized" protoplasmic cell from somewhere secured more size, secured mouth, head, body organs, legs, wings, fins, tails, spurs, poison glands, organs of Corti, diaphragms, placentas, sting organs, horns, and so on until that little creature had at length given rise to every living kind upon the earth. It got stomachs, lungs, kidneys, hearts, generating or sexual organs and so on, from *where* no man knows, and *how* no man knows, and *if* no man knows. The result is postulated, speculated, and it is unverifiable and undemonstrable, yet it is taught as "scientific fact." The result, a great hierarchy of evolution, is not the result of scientific method, because the scientific method has not yet succeeded in showing even what evolved to algae, or what algae evolved to next! The theory is not a probability but a tremendous improbability, because all the scientists of earth cannot say what became or becomes amebae, nor what amebae become next, nor *how*, *when*, *where*, or if amebae evolve to over a dozen of phyla of living creatures! Or to *anything* except amebae!

The Hoax, the Unscholarly Suppositions of Evolutionists

Spell it out plainly! A giant collusion is being forced upon us in

the name of scholarship and science. The evolutionists who agree to allowing a "God" or "first Cause" or "cosmic Smile" in order to escape the "spontaneous generation" difficulty, do not allow that that God could create a man as man. Man is a "made-over ape." Something additive was impressed upon an advanced "generalized" ape-like creature. So, let's face it! Mary and Jesus, and your mother and mine became "made-over apes!"

Jesus Christ said that God in the beginning *created* humans, *male and female*! (Mark 10; Matt. 19.) Both man and Christ bear God's image (I Cor. 11; II Cor. 4; Col. 1). There is no slightest hint of evolution or advancement of one kind, such as ape, higher to another such as man! *That* is not supported by any evidence on earth, but only by imagination! The wondrous, exact builders, genes, make no such mistake.

That is why man does not at any time have either fish gills or tail. No power could coerce the genes to start building gills, then suddenly change and build hyoid bones, pharyngeal arches, etc., instead! In fact, man could not even *live* as embryo—he'd have to *die*—if he had gill slits, since the amniotic sac of the mother has no free oxygen in it, and any gill-possessing creature therein would almost instantly *die*! Also, the so-called "tail" is not such at all, but the genes are building an end to a backbone (which has to have an end, you know!) and then, when the rest of the abdomen and legs are ready, the coccyx folds in under in place where the powerful visceral-supporting and other-functioning muscles attach to it on one side. That coccyx, or the anococcygeal raphe, is a strong post for attachment of the powerful Sphincter ani externus and the Glutaeus maximus, also giving off strong fibers of support for the Levator ani muscles. In short, we are being duped! No living creature has an anus at the tail-tip end of his tail! What nonsense! It is the veriest piffle! It is utterly unscientific! Man has the evacuating orifice at the end of the falsely called "tail." If there had been any tail, it would have *started*, not *ended*, there!

The centenary of the publishing of the *Origins* comes in '59. No doubt science would like to shoot off the "21-gun salute" by then,

and say that it took just a century to "salt down" the theory of evolution as law. But at the microscopic end there is terrible trouble getting started; what became the ameba, or what did the ameba become next, or how did the ameba "give rise" to a dozen phyla of creatures while remaining as it is, the ameba? So, evolutionists are concentrating more on the upper end—with the apes. They are working on the placing of the extinct Australo-pithecinae apes of South Africa in such a spot in the "tree" of man and evolution that the apes seem to lead up, probably through, Pithecanthropus, to man. Even *Life* in "The Epic of Man," is co-operating. We have had it! We shall get more of it! *Tons* of textbooks of it!

The idea has been picked up, evidently, by Bernard Ramm in his recent volume on science and the Scripture. It contains one man's views on the subject, but views which seem, to folks who have written us about it, to be pro-evolutionary. We are asked, too, what we thought of the article on man in *Christian Life* magazine. Our answer is in volume 6 of the *Compendium*, pages 20 to 39. It is tragic when and if true soldiers of the cross are regarded as "hyperorthodox" or using the "negative" approach. There was something highly positive about the fighters of earlier days, who knew that Christ's reference to *creation* is not canceled or reinterpreted so that we must pray to a Cosmic Smile, be saved by a "made-over-ape" Saviour, and allow that what God could not do, a worm madonna had to do! It was not expected that such men of "science" as held such views would be spoken of in ingratiatingly, while the defenders of the faith should be regarded as unintellectual by other "Christian defenders."

We are finding state university biologists, botanists, and zoologists who admit that they have lost some assurance in evolution and have felt that they were standing on "quicksands" when teaching it. This is no time for the church to switch from the plain Word to a mass of speculations, even if added "scientific reputations" were involved as reward. Dr. Laurence Kulp, who has written for the *American Scientific Journal*, is apparently convinced that the earth is close to five billion years old—an addition of four billion, nine hundred and forty million more than the somewhat notorious Dr. H. F. Osborn accepted in some of his books. However, the long dates backfire at that, because it is all the LONGER that not even a "generalized" ameba or ancient Rhodesian alga has "e-

volved higher."

The church of Christ had better be awake, and snap out of the alibi-lullabye-by-bye lethargy. If supernatural foundations fall, only the natural and socialistic are left! And socialism is the same, has the identical root, whether in the socialist republics of Russia or among American secular scientists. The alternative to creation-miracle and a prayer-hearing God is naturalism's evolution and the socialism (man rule) based upon it.

Dr. Bernard Ramm Too Much Impressed by Evolution Propaganda

Ramm quotes Mivart, Catholic scholar (p. 283 of *The Christian View of Science and the Scripture*) suggesting that we are "free to accept the general evolutionary theory." And even before the preface begins Ramm uses quotations against those who "sneer at scholarship" and "identify the new learning with heresy," etc. But we are *not* free on the basis of the facts, nor the interpretations of any new scholarship, to accept evolution! Even from the angle of radiation damage, alone, the theory is, as the Frenchman Lemoine said, "Impossible." The important step of the scientific method, experiment, fails utterly to reveal any living animal or plant as "evolving higher" and out of its kind. All stay in their kind, or die!

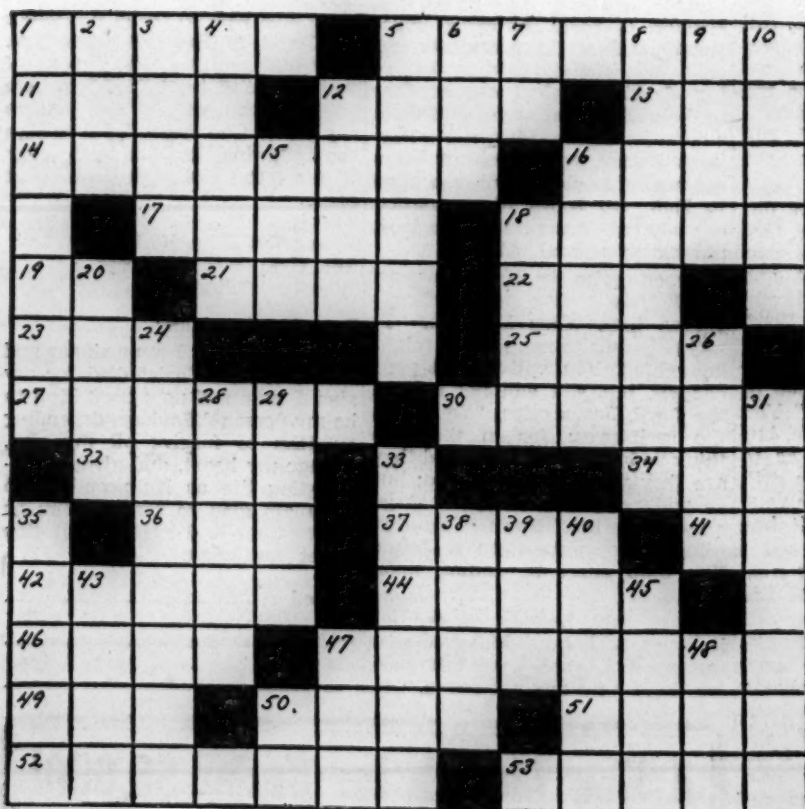
Under "Incorrect notions about the study of fossil man" and a larger heading, "The Antiquity of the Human Race," Ramm includes remarks about Dr. Broom's South African fossils. But what reasoning the purveyors of scientific scrabble use! Those fossils were for years written up in *Nature* and elsewhere as *apes*! Pleistocene apes, and apes which became *extinct*! To include them under "man" is *rank poison*! Once you accept ape measurements as measurements of any sort of man, then man and ape measurements dovetail, and a pretty trick of the evolutionists will dynamite the church foundations head on! Scientists know this, if we don't!

Christians must not bow to phony evolution dogma! If those apes (Australopithecinae) are accepted as proto-men, or the like, it will THEN be scientifically easy to show that such "men" differed little from "real apes," because they WERE real apes!

And so it could go for thousands of pages! The evidence against evolution is mountainous! Christians had better stay true to Christ! Evolution is a gigantic phony, a collusion, a phantasmagoria. Not a Gregarina or Gammarus or ascidian larva "evolves" (Continued on page 11)

TO DO OR NOT TO DO?

By Aunt Barbara



Conscientious Christians often have many difficulties in deciding what amusements are proper for them. The two books offered this month, *Amusements for Christians* and *What's Wrong With the Dance?*, are very helpful in dealing with these problems. Remember to send back five (5) puzzle cards this month.

HERE ARE THE RULES. PLEASE FOLLOW THEM CAREFULLY.

1. Fill in the empty blanks according to the clues given. *Answers must be complete and correct.*

2. PRINT (not write) your name and address in the blank below the puzzle and mail to: Aunt Barbara, PUZZLE EDITOR, THE SWORD OF THE LORD, Wheaton, Illinois. We cannot return entries. If you do not wish to cut up your copy of the paper, you may print the answers according to the clue numbers given.

3. To have this puzzle count toward receiving your copies of the featured books-of-the-month, your entry must be postmarked by midnight, MAY 11. If your paper arrives after the deadline date, please send the answer and tell us the date your paper arrived. Each weekly entry will be checked, and you will receive a post card if your entry is correct. **SAVE THESE CARDS. THEY ARE IMPORTANT.** When you have five cards, mail them to me, and you will receive the books offered for May. If you prefer a book previously offered, please indicate your choice, and send four cards, or if you wish *Sword Revival Songs*, send five cards. The answer to puzzle No. 18 will appear in the May 17 issue of THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

- Clews Across
1. Walks
 2. Guideth
 3. A continent
 4. Women in convents
 5. Grimace
 6. A tender of sheep
 7. Composition
 8. Mite
 9. Quick
 10. Opposite of "down"
 11. Emblem of subjection
 12. Vigor (Scot.)
 13. Floor covering
 14. Wrong
 15. Funeral orations — o — s
 16. Rearrange "pooler."
 17. o — — — p
 18. Supreme being
 19. One of the Nethinims (Neh. 7:47)
 20. Shred
 21. Perfume — used in connection with myrrh and spices
 22. North latitude (abbr.)
 23. Impenetrable
 24. Piece of furniture
 25. Is indebted to
 26. Heads over a hundred men (Fr.)
 27. A point
 28. Heal
 29. Run with velocity
 30. Monastic order among the early Jews (pl.)
 31. To misrepresent

- Clews Down
1. Grass land for cattle
 2. Type of tree
 3. Fastens
 4. Joyous
 5. Lay in ambush
 6. Omega
 7. A Roman bronze coin
 8. Endangers
 9. Journey
 10. Commands (pl.) — e — s
 11. That which connects head and body

Puzzle Number 18

15. Highest Education Order (abbr.)
16. Tree—special blessing of the Promised Land
17. Asseverate
18. Tug
19. Virtue
20. That part of the body to be clothed or girded
21. Green herbage
22. Margin
23. Resembling a hand with fingers spread
24. Oceans, brooks or rivers
25. Worship
26. Narrow way
27. Rearrange "bot."
28. Avoid
29. Pet animals of Jerusalem peasants
30. Pertaining to an age
31. Hint
32. Son of Bela (I Chron. 7:7)
33. Constructionman (abbr.)

Answer to Puzzle Number 16

XVI

M	I	R	I	A	M	J	E	T	H	R	O
I	S	A	B	O	V	E	H	E	A	R	
D		M	I	S	E		Y	A	R	D	
I	A	M	B	E	L	A	H	L	E	A	
A	B	A	S	S	A	L	A	H	I		
N	A	R	E	S	R	A	S	E	O	N	
N	A	D	A	B	S	T	R	E	W		
I	A	G	I	A	H	Y	E	L	L	S	
S		E	N	D	O	R	S	T	E	W	
R	O	M	T	E	R	A	H	S	T	E	
A	L	A	S		E	K	E	R		A	
E	L	I	S		A	B	E	L	E	A	R
L	A	M	E	C	H	D	I	S	C	U	S

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Evolution

(Continued from page 10)

higher"! Shrews (gestation period, 3 weeks; life span 18 months to three years) do not show the slightest inclination to evolve toward lemur, tarsier, ape, or man. It is piffle! In the *Descent of Man* Darwin admitted (p. 1): "Of the older and honored chiefs in natural science, many unfortunately are still opposed to evolution in any form." (Owen, Cuvier, Miller, Agassiz, Linnaeus, Viallato, Dewar, Nilsson, Price, and others who studied the theory for a lifetime could not locate that "evolution"!)

It is the younger men who particularly must be watched! Ramm mentions Asa Gray of Harvard, as *Life* does, as turning to evolution. But it is NOT added that such occurred after a stream of letters from Darwin to the botanist, while at the same time the great zoologist Agassiz flatly, bluntly, completely rejected the theory as false—"a hydra-headed monster" as he called it.* Moreover, Ramm quotes Catholic (Roman) sources of fifty years ago to suggest that evolution is acceptable among those communicants, but why not mention Vera Barclay's charge (a Catholic) that those who believe evolution are disobeying their Church, and quote the 1950 *Humani Generis*, in which the Pope, not to be "wanting in Our sacred duty" charges the Bishops, Superiors General of Religious Orders, binding them "most seriously in conscience, to take the greatest care that such opinions be not advanced in schools, in conferences or in writings of any kind . . . not taught in any manner whatsoever to the clergy or the faithful"? Why leave that out? It looks like the same old line handed out since 1859 by all evolutionists—telling what they want to tell, and ignoring the rest, because they have an axe to grind. It seems to help hurl scurrilous and slanderous remarks at men like Price, Stratton, Rimmer, Whitney, etc., insinuating that they are not scholars (therefore not thinkers?), and cannot be intellectuals but must be "hyperorthodox."

It may be that the shoe is on the other foot! Someone is hyperscientistic, it appears, who calls evolution a fact, as some science book writers do (even in capital letters), or calls it a "probability" when not even a gnat or mosquito, moth or fly will evolve higher yet! Not a moss or mouse or fern or flea!

Why Evolution From One Kind to Another Is Impossible

Let one thing be clear! Evolution is no more proved than that a mouse can become a supermouse "Mighty Mouse"! A lifelong evolutionist tells us in writing that some evolution claims as printed in science books are as totally unscientific as saurians in a comic strip! Viallato of France, Dewar of England, Nilsson of Sweden, and others have DROPPED evolution after a LIFETIME of study! So has this writer. WHY? Because, as Nilsson says, there is not even a caricature of evolution! The *Christian Life* magazine pages on their new story of creation carry much teaching leading directly toward fraud! Under "The Development of Life" they even give you a fraudulent "tree," and infer that mutations as occur in fruit flies are causes of organic change—but fail to point home that no matter what nightmares of mutations are forced on the little creatures, not one "evolves higher" out of his kind! Be not misled!

Man is different from apes in a hundred ways and more. Ape genes build apes! No ape gene can build a man's hand, a man's foot, or anything else of man. No man gets ape hand-foot, ape os priapi, ape leg calf, etc. No ape gets a transverse ligament binding his big toe to the next, nor a longer big toe and longer second toe, as in man's foot. The kinds are vastly apart—genes would have to change their basic building mightily to build a man from ape, or vice versa. In all the earth is one ape becoming man? Is one man almost an ape? Is any doctor or scientist so muddled in think-

(Continued on page 12)

A Literature Rack in Your Church or Store

1. Buy 50 of Sword 15c Pamphlets for \$6.25 (a Reduced Price) and Get Free Rack Displaying 18 Kinds.

2. Buy 150 of the 15c pamphlets for \$18.75 and Get Large Free Rack Pictured Displaying 30 Kinds, With Sign and Price.

Every day pastors and Christian workers are called on to deal with problems in the Christian life. Here a Christian is enslaved by the tobacco habit and needs help to quit. There a young Christian is unsure of his salvation and needs assurance. Here a Christian has a Catholic relative, and he wants some literature that will help attract and win and not drive away that loyal Catholic, while showing him his need for Christ. This family has a backslider in the family; how can he be helped? Here is a Christian concerned about the premillennial coming of Christ. There is a family who needs help on the correction and discipline of children. Someone else has been troubled by Seventh-Day Adventist propaganda about the Sabbath. Another Christian is sick and earnestly concerned about what God promises concerning the healing of the sick in answer to prayer. Every church has young people who need plain, kindly, scriptural teaching on courtship and the dangers of petting.

And nearly every church has some student who ought to have the teaching about the verbal inspiration of the Bible, or what God says about being yoked up with unbelievers, or how great soul winners were filled with the Holy Spirit.

And every church sometimes has a lost person attending who should be given a clear, scriptural, attractive, colorful sermon addressed to the unsaved—something more than a cheap tract which he will lay aside, or which will not answer his problems.

Here Is a Way to Help—Simply, Inexpensively—in All These Problems and More

For many years these questions and problems have been presented to Editor John R. Rice of THE SWORD OF THE LORD. In great revival campaigns, in fruitful pastorates, and by mail from all over the world, Dr. Rice has had appeals for help in these matters. The result is a series of beautiful, large pamphlets which have been used of God to settle the problems of tens of thousands. In fact, more than a million copies of this 15c pamphlet series have been distributed! Hundreds of pastors keep some of these on hand to give out to troubled souls. Many Christian radio broadcasters send them in answer to questions. Now you may have a rack displaying these pamphlets in your church or in your store. It requires no table. If you like, you can simply put a milk bottle or a coin receptacle nearby with the understanding that for every pamphlet taken one may put in 15c. Occasional announcement from the pulpit will result in great use of these pamphlets to settle problems of doctrine, of practical Christian living, of soul winning.

Sometimes a pastor will keep a rack displaying these pamphlets in his study, or in the church office, so the right one can be selected for any need immediately.

In Greenville, South Carolina, I went into a cafe and found there, spread on the counter, many of these pamphlets used by a godly restaurant man to help people. It was difficult to keep the booklets from being greasy and dog-eared, yet these racks will make it possible to display them cleanly, compactly. It only takes a space about 27 inches by 24 for the larger ones, a little less for the smaller ones.

Or an individual may have the rack full of booklets and, by permission of the pastor, may set it up near the door on Wednesday night. The whole rack folds compactly, goes into a carton which we provide, and is easy to carry and set up in a moment.



Two Sizes—Either One Free—When You Buy the Pamphlets at a Reduced Price

We have two sizes of pamphlet racks which we offer you free when you buy a supply of the pamphlets.

For the smaller rack, you need buy only 50 of the 15c pamphlets at 12½c each, for \$6.25. Notice that you buy at a reduced price, and yet you get the rack free. Please enclose 60c for postage and packing. The books and the pamphlets will come separately, with the rack folded in the strong carton which you may want to keep.

And when you wish to order more of the 15c pamphlets, you may buy them at wholesale price from Zondervan Publishing House, if you buy in quantities, or you may buy them at retail price from the Sword of the Lord and keep your rack filled at little cost.

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How Great Soul Winners Were Filled With the Holy Spirit
Negro and White: Desegregation—Right or Wrong?
Rebellious Wives and Slacker Husbands
Correction and Discipline of Children
Never Alone, Never Forsaken (sweet comfort)
The Unequal Yoke What the Bible teaches about Christians yoking up with unbelievers in marriage, churches, and lodges.

Bible Doctrine

Christ's Literal Reign on Earth From David's Throne at Jerusalem
Eight Gospel Absurdities if a Born-Again Soul Ever Loses Salvation
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Evolution

(Continued from page 11)

ing or practice that he could be uncertain as to whether he had an ape or man before him? You have to infer, and interpret according to the presupposition and postulation of evolution, that such changes occurred once, millions of years ago, when some creature was more "generalized." But the most generalized creatures on earth seem to be the amebae, jellyfish, and man. All three stay 100% in their kind as the encircling cavalcade of millennia rolls along! Tremendous time juggles are going into the southern ape (*Australopithecus*) problem!

Moreover, and finally, evolution must teach that some mutations are helpful and cause evolution to higher kinds better fitted for survival. Actual TESTS have shown the contrary, that creatures suffer LOSS under mutations. In the nuclear fission age it MUST be inferred that rays bring helpful mutations at least now and then. But the Nobel prize winner, Muller, said that ray mutations were so nearly 100% bad, that they could be called *all bad*! So *where* is the evolution? *What* is evolving? What creature on earth is getting ONE nascent organ? The answer appears rather to be breakdown—entropy!

IF the teaching is false that rays bring helpful mutations, and instead bring damaging and lethal effects, THEN in the nuclear fission age (war or peace!) the atmosphere will take on rays far above what we have been used to for millenniums, and therefore, as *Atlantic Monthly* (for October 1955) points out, the rays will but speed our degeneration and bring ultimate extinction! Yes, the end of the human race! Romer says the earth may yet be left to the "rodents." Raven of England says the same. Muller infers it. Someone better look MORE CAREFULLY into that tenet, that radiations are helpful for "evolution"—while there is still time to look at all!

Of course the Bible says that God will rescue his people in that "last day" and will then "destroy them that destroy the earth."

In the meantime, Christians have even the solid intellectual right to reject evolution. Nothing evolves higher, to become more complex and better fitted for survival. A polio virus can slay a human being! Which is better evolved and fitted for survival? Is a gorilla better fitted than an ameba? Don't make us laugh!

O God, thou art great, the King of Glory! A blade of grass can create protoplasm—in the wink of an eye—in the sunlight! Man can prepare—wire—a house for electricity, then say "Let there be light" and there will be light! Scientists can now blow the earth apart and cause the elements to "melt with fervent heat"—vaporize steel towers! They can place a new "moon" around the earth! But thou dost "lead forth in beauty all the starry band of shining hosts in splendor through the skies!" Thou didst create man in Thine Image. May we climb ever to "higher ground" until we come to thy Kingdom! We did not "evolve"—Thou didst create within us a clean heart, didst work a sudden miracle! Praise be to Thy Great and Holy Name! If Thou didst not design man, there is no such thing as design, and if man is not the product of supernatural intelligence, there is no intelligence! Lord, we believe! "Forever thy Word is settled in heaven!" Let us not use reason as a stepping stone to *treason*! "How firm a foundation!" O God, it is good to "feel the rock beneath!"

Why Throw Away Christ and the Bible for the Unbeliever's Guess of Evolution?

Before any reader accepts evolution, he should GIVE GOD'S SIDE A CHANCE! The modernistic-higher critical voices coo, "You must not throw your brains away, nor commit intellectual suicide." But the Bible warns against *losing faith*, which adds up to committing spiritual suicide, plus treason against the Master and thus throwing everything away forever!

In addition to those warnings, you throw your brains away and

commit intellectual suicide when you accept evolution! There is only ONE evolution which contradicts the Scriptures, and that is lineal descendancy, or the "evolving higher" of kinds of living things. BUT that does not happen! *Not at any time to any thing!* If the evolutionists are talking glibly about their "millions of years," ask the true fundamentalists, whom you can trust, what the answer is! There is a REASON why the "fundamentalists" have been so fought and abused and scorned! It is because THEY have the measure of the fantastic fake! In Heaven's name, look into these things! Look in the name of God! IF you concede that Rhodesian algae (one-celled plants, one of the first on the earth, and still here!) are "three billion" years old, just to temporarily donate the point to the scientists for the sake of applying the reasoning powers God gave you, then HOW MANY BILLIONS would be needed before one alga "evolved higher"? *An alga is still an alga!* So is an ameba still an ameba! No bacterium "evolves higher," nor does anything else! Moses was *right*. Paul was *right*. Jesus was *right*! Leave the eternal rock of truth AT YOUR PERIL! The scientific fraud and phony are the mentally impuissant quack-scrabble of venders of ancient mythologies resurrected from Greece! Fall not into the traps of the great deception and delusion! There is NO BOOK on NASCENT (new) ORGANS! WHY? *Guess!* No living thing on earth is getting ONE new organ via evolution, that's why!

Hear anew the call of faith! Only believe—the life you save will be *your own*!

Naturalism, materialism, socialism, communism, atheism, agnosticism, humanism, liberalism are all based on that evolution phony, the greatest "cock-and-bull" story of the ages. Not an ant, gnat, flea, fly, moss, mouse, moose or anything else "evolves higher" ever! But "science" MUST convince you that evolution is true, IF the one world of socialism is to become an actuality. Christianity must go down! There must be an end to miracle, to Saviour, to virgin birth or even virgin life, to resurrection, to Christmas, to Second Coming. The stakes are TERRIFIC! Nor would it be so tragic if there were truth in the old Grecian mythology! Man was a sudden creation, as sudden as a blade of grass making protoplasm, as sudden as when life leaves the body at death, as sudden as the sword of the Spirit can convert a heart! Science hoped to bring peace through religious amalgamations; then it could prove Christ wrong in at least one prophecy. "There shall be wars and rumours of wars." But the prophecy stands as never before. Savages once used arrows and stones. Now they use thousands and millions of tons of TNT-equivalent! Does man "evolve higher"? Study evolution deeply enough and you will see that man rises higher ONLY when he finds "higher ground" spiritually in Christ!

The world has lost its horizons! It is a time of trouble and night! TEST the voices! There is ONE that NEVER YET HAS LIED! He said God created mankind, male and female in the beginning! That is NOT creating an asexual microscopus which in five billion years becomes an improved ground-ape! *The lights are going out! They go out as man loses truth!* Hold fast! Turn the tide, as the apostles and disciples did! Evolution is a fraud, a rope of sand, a chain of fog, a bridge of mist! That is OUR conviction after thirty-three years of study of it! Long, hard, grueling study! Nothing on earth can "evolve higher"! Thousands of scientific facts SHOW THAT CLEARLY!

* Miller, Linnaeus, Owen, Cuvier, Virchow and other great scientists also rejected it!

** (Evolution is discussed in great detail in the *Anti-Evolution Compendium*, 5 volumes, postpaid, \$2 from The High Way Press, Henninger, N. H. The editor-in-chief has done research for many years in this field.)

Billy Graham . . . Bob Jones . . .

(Continued from page 1)

teacher were given for the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry. When someone is converted in one of Billy Graham's meetings, we orthodox people believe that that person who was a sinner has become a saint. Therefore, the work of an evangelist is primarily to take care spiritually of all converts. An evangelist's first obligation is to the saints. It is, of course, every Christian's business to try to win people to Jesus Christ. The evangelist, however, (as the pastor and teacher) was given by our risen Lord to perfect the saints for the work of the ministry. So if Billy, as an evangelist, does not tell his converts to join a Bible-believing church and not join a modernistic church, he is prostituting his office of an evangelist.

Billy says, "No group of ministers in any large city anywhere in the world agree on what constitutes a sound church." Here is my reply: I have been in evangelistic work for sixty years, having started when I was just a boy; and wherever I have held a meeting, any pastor in the town or city could tell me any time I would ask about a church, "It is (or is not) a sound church with an orthodox pastor." All Americans do not agree about some things even in our government, but all Americans who are fundamentally sound believe in certain constitutional principles that are accepted by all other good Americans. The same thing holds true about Christians. Every orthodox Christian in the world believes that the Bible is the Word of God and whatever it says is, so, and they all agree that it says that the Lord Jesus Christ was born of a virgin; He was God manifest in the flesh; He died a vicarious, substitutional death on the cross; He bodily arose from the dead; and He is the world's only Saviour.

Billy Graham is quoted as saying, "The one badge of Christian discipleship is not orthodoxy, but love." That statement will satisfy all of the modernists in the Billy Graham campaign in New York. The Bible makes it plain that men become children of God by faith in Jesus Christ, and the only thing we know about the Lord Jesus Christ is what the Bible tells us, and no man re-

ceives the Lord Jesus Christ who does not receive Him in the role in which He appears in the Holy Scripture. Therefore, all who receive the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour should love each other, and I do not know any born-again Christians (and, according to the Bible, there is no other kind of Christian) who do not love other Christians. The born-again Christians I associate with even love their enemies. They love modernists, but the Lord told us *not to give the same Christian recognition to men who reject the doctrines of Christ that we give to men who believe what the Bible says about Jesus Christ*.

Billy Graham says, "The old terms fundamentalism and liberalism are passe. The situation has radically changed since the days of Machen, Riley and the other defenders of the faith." I would like to tell everybody that these two words are not passe on Bob Jones University campus. Bob Jones University still holds to the fundamentals of the faith, and these fundamentals are written in our charter. We have students who are members of many different denominations, and they come from all the states and from a number of foreign countries. We all believe and repeat the same creed. We agree on the fundamentals. We may not understand some things in the Bible in just exactly the same way, but we do understand what the Bible says about everything that is fundamental.

As an old-time evangelist, all I have to say about Billy Graham's New York campaign is that the setup is unscriptural, and every time a preacher is called on to lead in prayer at one of the services who does not believe that the Bible is the Word of God and who denies the virgin birth, the vicarious blood atonement, the bodily resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, Billy Graham will be giving the same recognition to an antichrist that is given to a Christian; and this is forbidden in the Word of God.

In the setup of the campaign in New York, the evangelistic tools will be left in the hands of the liberals; and when the present evangelistic house blows down (and it will soon), the modernists will take the tools and dig up the

foundations; and all the fundamentalists that violate the Scripture by joining with the modernists in the campaign will be too anaemic to ever lay another foundation.

The liberals in New York have nothing to lose. They have nothing to give up. They have been fighting for a long time to be recognized as Christians by the old-time, orthodox, Bible-believing preachers. They have succeeded in getting what they want by being co-sponsors of the Billy Graham campaign in New York. These modernists have nothing to lose, but the fundamentalists have sold the Lord Jesus Christ and the Bible, which is God's Word, down the river; and the orthodox Christians and their children will have to suffer the consequences.

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A Negro friend used to say to me, "Don't 'squench' the Spirit." He coined his own word, but "squench," being a combination of "squelch" and "quench," really should be in the dictionary.

We quench the Spirit in more ways than we suspect. When we stifle the inner impression to speak or act for the Lord we do it. And we can quench the Spirit in others when we criticize or discourage or by any attitude "throw cold water" on their fire. The brother in prayer meeting who mixed his metaphors and said, "Lord, if there should be a spark of fire in this meeting, please water that spark," unwittingly suggested another way to smother the Spirit's freedom. How we do conspire to limit God in our meetings! We have an honored Guest in every Christian gathering, and He can be grieved very easily. A frivolous spirit, a critical or rebellious frame of mind, a fed-up complacency—that will do it. The very way we arrange physical details, the way we scatter all over the church, two to a pew; the way we hear and hear not—surely "squench" says it, for we squelch and quench the Spirit.—From *Day by Day* by Vance Havner (Fleming H. Revell Company)

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